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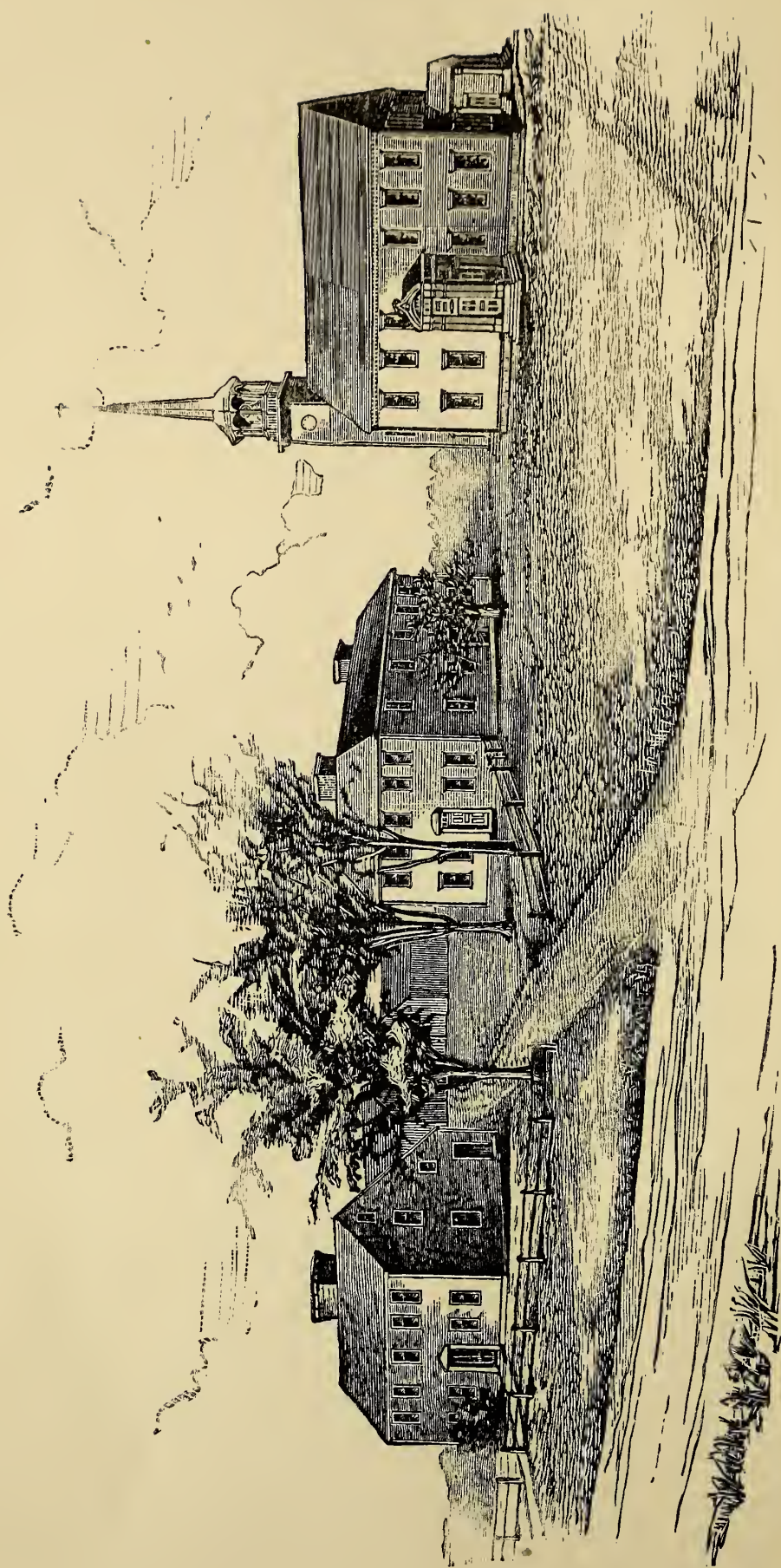
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THE SUMNER HOUSES AND THE CHURCH AS IT STOOD BEFORE 1834.

OLD TIMES

— IN —

SHREWSBURY,

MASSACHUSETTS

—  —

GLEANINGS FROM HISTORY AND TRADITION

—  —

BY

ELIZABETH WARD

—
1892

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THE EARLIEST TIMES.



THERE are moments in history which shine out brightly through the centuries, and to us, who are looking back into the dimness of the past to catch every ray of light that can show us more of the lives of those who came before us, they are full of the most intense interest. Events which seemed trivial to those who were the actors, even as the daily happenings of our lives seem to us, are surrounded with an interest that increases as time passes, and we gather every fragment of a story pertaining to the home life of those who a century ago moved about among these familiar scenes, and linking them together find how our forefathers lived, what heroic deeds they accomplished, what hardships they endured, and in all respects what manner of men and women they were who subdued the wilderness for us, and made the paths smooth in which our more tender feet were to tread.

The earliest recorded fact concerning any inhabitant of Shrewsbury comes to us from the soil itself, and from a grave found upon our borders. Here we learn that the mastodon once roamed in his majesty over our hills, and claimed one of our valleys for his last resting-place. For an unknown number of years no owner of the soil had any suspicion that beneath the smooth, heavy sod in the meadow lay a gigantic body, until the flesh had become a part of the soil and the bones had crumbled to dust. In 1884, while Mr. W. U. Maynard, the present owner, was having a deep trench dug, in order to drain and improve the land, the spades of the workmen brought up with the dark soil nine beautiful, polished teeth darkened with earth stains, and resembling choice specimens of agate. These with a few fragments of bone were all that remained of the "Mastodon Giganteus." In close proximity to these teeth was found a human skull, and the mystery surrounding the fact, that these two skulls were found in one place eight feet below the surface of the ground, has not yet been cleared away. Perhaps a ray of light is shed upon the human skull by a recent reliable historian, W. T. Harlow, who tells us that undoubtedly this farm was the first in town occupied by a white man, and that this man was Mr. Warner. He also tells us that Mr. Warner suddenly disappeared and no trace of him was ever found. May not this be a trace, this skull without a name? Doubtless Mr. Warner lost his way in the trackless swamp and sank in the soft

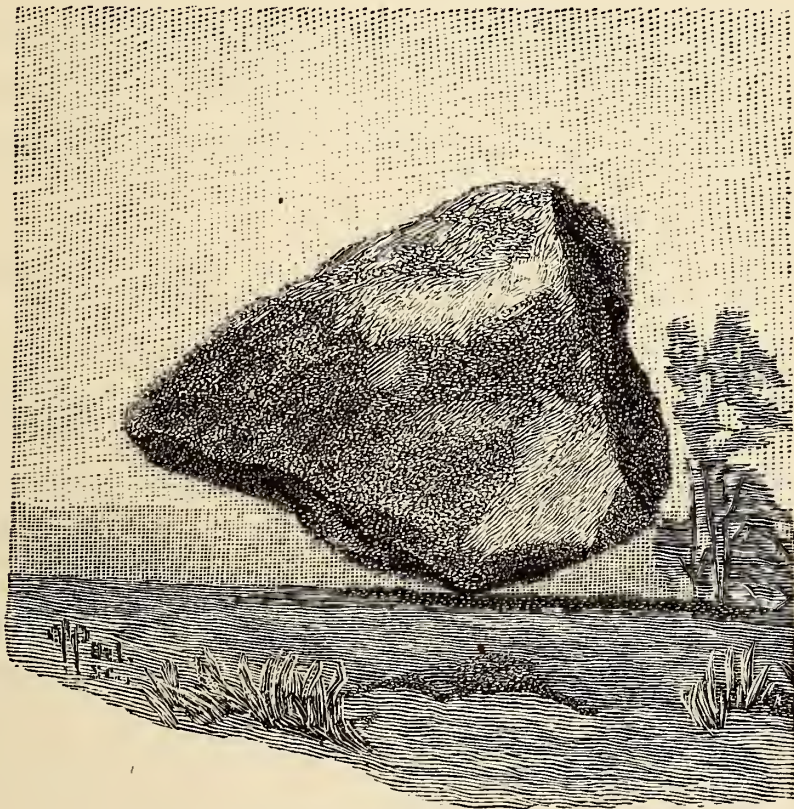
mire to the rock bed on which lay the mastodon. This spot may now be seen in the meadow bordering on the Northboro line and the county road, at the right as you go westward. The mastodon teeth are preserved by the Natural History Society in Worcester, and Mr. Warner's skull (if it be Mr. Warner's) was sent to the Peabody Museum in Cambridge, where it has been examined by scientists and pronounced by them to be a remarkable specimen; they also deemed it worthy of a learned treatise by one of their number. It is fitting that the memory of the first white inhabitant should be thus perpetuated.

The history of the red men who followed the mastodon is also hidden from us, but we feel certain that here some of them lived their lives and passed on, let us hope, to the happy hunting-grounds beyond. Of their names we are ignorant, and it is only by the finding of their knives, arrow-heads and other stone implements, that we have evidence that their homes were once where ours now are; but it must have been at a very early period, for we do not learn that they claimed any title to the land when the first grants were made. One of these grants was to Mr. Isaac Johnson who sailed with the squadron of twelve ships which left England in 1628, in the stately ship "Arbella," named in honor of his young and beautiful wife, the Lady Arbella, daughter of the Earl of Lincoln, who had left her luxurious English home with all its comforts to find another, she little knew how comfortless, in the

New World which was at that time attracting so many adventurers from beyond the sea. Isaac Johnson had gathered together all that he had, and taken his portion of his grandfather's estate to take himself and his frail young wife to America and establish there a home for themselves. After their arrival, he made himself useful to the government and received as remuneration a grant of several hundred acres of land lying in the northwest part of what was afterwards called Shrewsbury. The Lady Arbella found refuge for a time in Salem in the home of friends, but she soon faded away like a delicate tropical flower in the cold, hard life which she found in New England. Her amiable and heart-broken husband followed her in one month, his grave being the first in King's Chapel burying ground in Boston. It is pleasant to feel that the story of the charming Lady Arbella is even so remotely connected with any part of our town, though it is probable that neither of them ever saw the Shrewsbury land.

A very distinguished man of the early times left his name upon Shrewsbury soil. Rawson's Hill, in the north, is a part of the land granted in 1639 to Edward Rawson, the young and talented man who at the age of three-and-twenty took his seat among the legislators of the colony. Five hundred acres were granted to him for "his paynes" in the public service, "provided he go on with the business of powder making if the Salt Petre come." So he experimented largely upon this land but

got little Salt Petre; however the grant was given him for the large amount of time and money he had spent in the search. Edward Rawson was a remarkable man, no blemish being found upon his character save that he used his influence to hang the Salem witches. More than one hundred and fifty years later his descendants, Elijah Rawson and his son Samuel, lived in this town.



On the rocky ledge, not far from Rawson's Hill, at the left as you go toward Boylston, is the "Rocking Stone" or "Dog's Head" as it has been called. It is a large boulder, resting upon a flat rock, but touching it in only one spot, and that scarcely larger than a man's hand. It is said that at one time it was so perfectly balanced that it could be rocked by a child, but so firmly placed that

no power could dethrone it. Some years ago several men, to try their own strength and that of their oxen, made great efforts to throw it off from its high pinnacle, but only succeeded in fixing it more firmly in its position and rendering it immovable, so that now it is no longer the "Rocking Stone" but the "Balanced Rock." A large piece has at some remote period been broken from it and lies by its side, but the memory of the "oldest inhabitant" fails to recall the time when the two were one. The boulder is of a different formation from the rock below and must have been left there by the ice long before the mastodon passed that way.

Another eminent man of the seventeenth century left his name upon the land here. This was the Hon. Samuel Sewall, who was chief justice of the colony, and it came about in this wise. In his youth he was a student at Cambridge and on the day that he took his degree he also fell in love with the Boston Mint Master's rosy-cheeked daughter, Hannah Hull. She had gone over from Boston as girls do now to see the young men graduated, and was very favorably impressed with the appearance of Mr. Samuel Sewall. The attraction being mutual, the young man found his way frequently to her home, but her father was not well pleased with his attentions; finding, however, that he was a godly youth, he reluctantly gave his consent to the marriage. The wedding took place on Feb. 28th, 1676, in Boston, in the old hall, "which was one very large room," and they

were married by Gov. Bradstreet. After the ceremony, which was performed in the presence of a large company, John Hull ordered the servants to "bring in the balances;" into one scale he placed his daughter, and from a large chest in a corner of the room he took out handful after handful of bright new pine-tree sixpences and shillings of his own coining, throwing them into the other scale until Hannah went up and the shining sixpences and shillings went down, when he presented the contents of both scales to the happy husband, he himself being much delighted with this novel method of bestowing his gifts. He also gave to his daughter a certain grant of land lying within the bounds of Shrewsbury which afterwards became her husband's; a part of it is yet known to us as Sewall's Hill, and Sewall's Pond.

For nearly one hundred years the great men of the times travelled up and down the path which led from Boston out into the wilderness, until settlements sprang up all along, and the path became the King's highway. At first these hills were passed by, when men talked of building, for fairer lands beyond, until at length they began to look with greater favor upon this "shunned forest," and their strong arms longed to grapple with the tough problem of planting a town here. The formative influences which determine the character of a town differ with the times. Oklahoma may have been built in a day, but Rome was not, neither was Shrewsbury. The grant made in 1717 to a few men was, "provided they

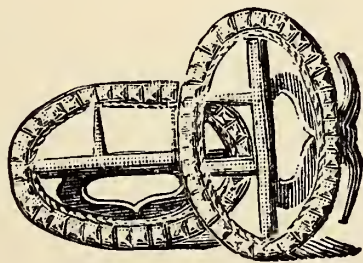
number forty families; build themselves houses, and settle an orthodox minister within three years." During these three years the pioneers had battles to fight; the knowledge of this added courage to their strength and zest to their labors. They built their houses with their guns at hand, for Indians were still feared, though the friendly Hassanimiscoes in Grafton were the nearest tribe; yet they were but Indians, and treachery was a characteristic of the race. The wild beasts prowling about their doors must be vanquished; the ground itself must be wrested from the dominion of the forest, and with the rudest of implements, subdued to fruitfulness, by indefatigable energy and ceaseless toil. A strong purpose and persevering labor succeeded in bringing together the elements of a town within the prescribed time.

One of the first names that appears to us on the records is that of Gershom Wheelock, who for his enterprise and cheerful disposition, deserves especial mention. He is said to have been the first man to build a house in the new settlement and spent one winter in its erection. This house was situated on what is now the old road to Worcester in the valley near "Middlebrook." He labored alone that winter, keeping up his spirits through the cold, dreary days by his merry whistling, sleeping in the loft and pulling the ladder up after him at night, always whistling his morning song before putting it down again. His courage never failed until the spring birds sang to him while he whistled, and the house was done; then he



WHEELLOCK HOUSE.

married Abigail Flagg of Marlboro, and housekeeping began in Shrewsbury. In 1720 his father Samuel Wheelock, who owned the land, gave him a deed of eighty acres and the house, "In consideration of Love, Good will and affection which I have and do have towards my dutiful Son Gershom Wheelock!" The first house built in town was the first to be burned; nothing was saved from the fire but a few pieces of furniture. Being dissatisfied with his ventures in that part of the town, he next built a house on the Boylston road, the one which is now occupied by his great-grandson Erastus Wheelock.

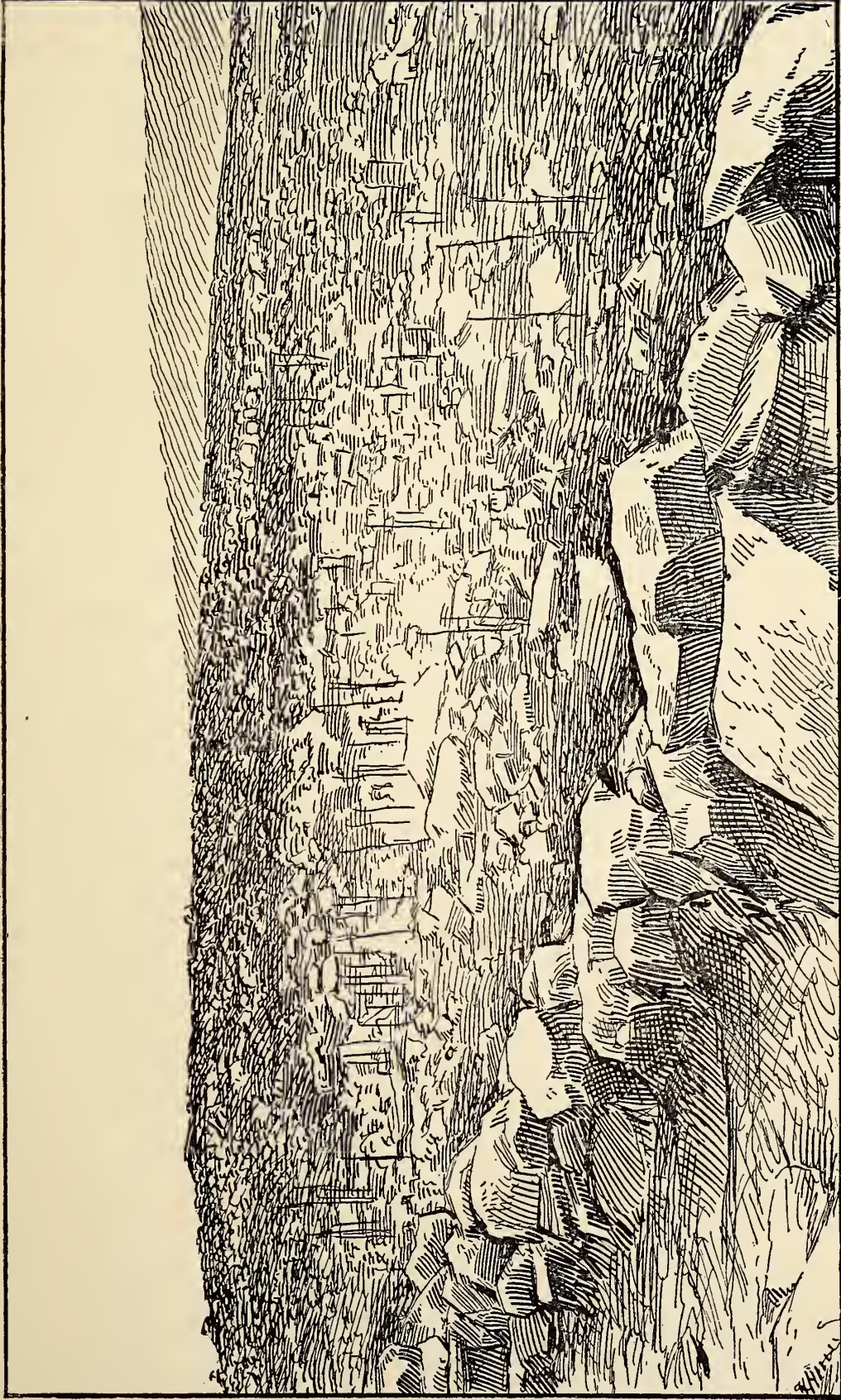


GERSHOM WHEELOCK'S KNEEBUCKLES.

Gershom Wheelock appears to have been quite an important man in the new town, holding at different times several town offices. He was ensign in the first military company here and afterwards commissioned Captain. The Wheelock house as shown in the engraving is a low, ancient house, shingled on the outside, with narrow windows and quaint, low rooms. It has not been added to, but remains much the same as when built more than a century and a half ago.

It was not until 1720 that the "Town proprietors" chose a committee to "manage about the meeting-

house," and they "voted two hundred and ten pounds for, and towards building a meeting-house, it being five pounds on each proprietor." Measures were also taken to cause two saw-mills to be erected in the town and put in operation by May 1st, 1721, to prepare the materials for building. The meetings of the proprietors were held at the house of the widow, Elizabeth How, in Marlboro. May 4th, 1721, the first meeting-house was erected on what was called "Rocky Pine Plain," just a little northeast of the spot where the present church now stands. It was a small building 40x32 feet, a plain, homely structure without steeple or bell; it is said that people were called to worship by the beating of a drum. The first sermon preached in town was by Rev. Robert Breck of Marlboro, and was printed by vote of the people. In March, 1732, there was "granted to Thos. Green ye sum of one pound for sweeping ye meeting-house in ye year 1731." "In 1730-31 the town granted the sum of one pound ten shillings for clearing one acre and one half of land for the burying place." "In June, 1729, there was granted fifteen pounds towards building and furnishing the school-house in Shrewsbury, this was made into a rate and committed to Edward Goddard and Thomas Hapgood to collect." The account of Simon Mainard, John Wheeler, Michael Chapman and Elias Keyes, shows that they did most of the work of building. Just where this first school-house stood is not stated, but in 1730 there was laid out fifty acres for a



ROCKY PASTURE BETWEEN THE SEWALL AND RAWSON LANDS.

school lot. From an old history of the town we find that "In 1797 a school-house standing in the fork of the roads opposite the house of Mr. Calvin R. Stone (now Dr. Brigham's) was burnt with many school books therein." "Nov. 1729—Granted 20 pounds to pay the school master in Shrewsbury."

"To Lieut. Ward, Town Treasurer :

Sir : We desire that you take speedy Care to get ye Remainder of ye Farmers money in order to defray ye Charge of ye School-house.

JOHN KEYES,
DANIEL HOW,
GRESHOM WHEELOCK.

Selectmen.

Shrewsbury,
March 5th, 1730-31."

Here is another school document :—

"To Mr. Nahum Ward, Town Treasurer :

Sir : Please to pay to Mr. Daniel Rand & Mr. Abraham Knowlton ye sum of Seven Pounds out of ye town Treasury to pay a school Dame in ye South part of ye town for three months service.

ELNATHAN ALLEN,
ISAAC STONE,
SIMON MAYNARD.

Feb. 5th, 1733-4."

The following shows that there was quite a premium paid for killing wild beasts :

“August 16, 1731. Then recd. of Nahum Ward, Town treasurer, the sum of one pound for one wild cat's head. I say received by me. Henry Keyes.”

These copies were all made from the original documents.

The law required all towns to provide stocks and a whipping-post, that offenders might be punished and order preserved. An elm tree that stood near the old tavern in the centre was used as a whipping-post, but tradition tells of only one public whipping there. A black man was whipped for stealing clothes from a line at the house now owned by William U. Maynard. His piteous wails and cries were long remembered by those who heard them and saw the lashes laid upon his bare back. It is said, too, that the tree died soon after. The stocks were erected in the vicinity of the graveyard, probably that serious thoughts of their final resting-place might dwell in the minds of those who were here imprisoned and fixed for a time, as a penalty for their crimes. It is told that the first man who was punished in the stocks was the one who made them, and the payment he received for the work was the remittance of a fine for some misconduct. A man, then, who was found in the company of a drunken man, was considered to have been guilty of wrong-doing to the extent that sitting a day in the stocks was not too great a punishment.

From the following document it would appear that the town grew careless in regard to the education of the young and set a bad example to towns in the vicinity ; the laws of King George, however, brought them back from the error of their ways :

“Worcester s. s. Anno Regni Regis Georgii Tertii Magnæ Britanniæ Franciæ Et Hiberniæ Quarto—

Att a court of General Sessions of the Peace held at Worcester within and for the County of Worcester on the third Tuesday of August being the Twentieth Day of said Month,

Annoque Domini, 1765.

The Town of Shrewsbury in said County having been Presented at the Court of General Sessions of the peace held at Worcester in and for said County on the first Tuesday of November in the fourth year of his Majesty's Reign by the grand jurors for the Body of said County, for that the Said Town of Shrewsbury hath for some years last past, Consisted and does now Consist of more than an Hundred and Fifty Families or House-holders, and so are by Law obliged to Set up a Grammer School and maintain a Grammer Schooll master there, Suitable for such School, yet in Contempt of Law, and in Discouragement of Learning they for the Space of Six Months last pest utterly neglected the same and for the time aforesaid have not been Provided with Such School or School Master, as by the Law is appointed and Required, in evil Example to others against the peace of the said Lord the King and the law in that Case made

and Provided. And the Presentment by order of Court hath been Continued from Court to Court until this Court. And now the Selectmen of Shrewsbury Plead and say they will not Contend with our Sovereign Lord the King but put themselves on his Grace.

And the Court having duely Considered of their Neglect order that the Inhabitants of the Town of Shrewsbury aforesaid forfeit and pay the Sum of Seven Pounds Ten Shillings for three months neglecting to Provide and Keep a School as in said presentment mentioned to be Levied by warrant upon them according to Law and paid into the County Treasury for and Towards the Support of Such School or Schools within the Same County when this Court shall judge there shall be most need and that they pay Costs Taxed at one Pound Ten Shillings Law^{ll} money to be levied aforesaid."

It was not until 1727 that Shrewsbury was incorporated as a town, and in February, 1727-8, the town "granted to Lieut. Ward 1 pound 16 shillings for getting the town set off. This was made into a rate and committed to William Taylor and Elias Keyes to collect." "March 3, 1728-9, granted for stating the County Road through the town of Shrewsbury 6-1-3." The town at first contained all the lands lying between Lancaster, Marlboro, Sutton and Worcester. The first town meeting was held Dec. 29th, 1727.

In 1723 was "the most remarkable, as well as the most sorrowful occurrence that ever took place in this

part of the country." The following account is said to have been printed in the only newspaper published at that time in New England. It was a small half sheet, printed by B. Green :

"Boston, August 15, 1723. An exact account of the awful burning of Capt. John Keyes' House, with five persons in it at Shrewsbury, in the night between the 7th and 8th of this inst. taken from a letter of the Rev. Mr. Breck of Marlboro, and from the mouth of Mr. Ebenezer Bragg of the same, formerly of Ipswich, the only person of those, who lodged in the house, who, by a distinguishing Providence, escaped the flames. Capt. Keyes was building an house about nine or ten feet off his old one. It was almost finished ; and Mr. Bragg aforesaid, the carpenter, with his brother Abiel, of 17 years of age, and William Oaks of 18 his apprentices, were working in it. Capt. Keyes, his wife and four daughters lodged in the old one ; and the three carpenters, with the three sons of the Captain, viz. Solomon of 20, John of 13 and Stephen of 6 years of age, laying in the new. On Wednesday night, going to bed, they took a more than ordinary care of the fire, being excited thereto, by the saying of one, he would not have the house burnt for one hundred pounds ; and the reply of another, he would not for two hundred ; upon which they carefully raked away the chips lying near it and stayed till the rest were almost burnt out ; and then they went all six together into three beds in one of the chambers ; and were very

cheerly and merry at their going to bed, which was about ten of the clock. But about midnight, Mr. Bragg was awakened with a notion of the house being on fire, and a multitude calling to quench it, with which he got up, saw nothing, heard no voice, but could hardly fetch any breath through the stifling smoke; concluded the house was on fire, perceived somebody stirring against whom he hit two or three times in the dark, and not being able to speak, or breathe any longer, and striking his forehead against the chimney, he thought of the window, and happily found it; when he gained it, he tarried a minute, holding it fast with one hand, and reaching out the other, in hopes of meeting with some one or other to save them, till the smoke and fire came so thick and scorching upon him, he could endure it no longer. And hearing no noise in the chamber, only as he thought, a faint groan or two, he was forced to jump out, and, the window being small, head foremost; though he supposes by God's good providence he turned before he came to the ground. As Mr. Bragg was just got up again, Capt. Keyes, being awakened in the old house, was coming to this side of the new, and met him. But the flame immediately burst out of the windows, and the house was quickly all on a light flame. No noise was heard of the other five who perished; and it is very questionable, whether more than one of them moved out of their beds. The old house was also burnt, and almost everything in it, but the people were saved,

through the great goodness of God. But a most dreadful sight it was, in the morning, to see the five bodies frying in the fire, among the timbers fallen down into the cellar, till towards the evening, when the few almost consumed fragments, without heads or limbs were gathered, put into one coffin and buried." These houses stood just east of where the currier shop of C. O. Green, now is.

The labors of the pioneers were great and their amusements few; their books and papers were very few, if any. Their houses were scattered at a distance from each other, and when these far-away neighbors gathered together on winter evenings before some blazing log fire, they made what fun they could for each other, and often for entertainment resorted to the ways of the ancient Britons, who portrayed in rhyme any notable event which took place, and the stories of many unimportant doings have come down to later times by this means. In our forefathers' days all communities had their rhymesters and fun was generally the object of their verses. There was an eccentric individual who lived here about 1740 by the name of Tombolin and he seems to have made considerable sport among his townsmen, for we find that more than one comic rhyme was made and sung about him. He lived on the Westboro road not far from the house where Hiram C. Reed now lives, and while absent from home one day the house took fire and Mrs. Tombolin, being alone, had to

do the work of a whole fire department, so it cannot be considered strange that the flames became uncontrollable, and she so bewildered that as the song says, "All that she saved was her tea-kettle lid." After this misfortune Tombolin built another habitation for himself on land that is still called "The Tombolin" and is owned by Wm. Rice and Geo. W. Lyon of Chicago, the latter (widely known in musical circles) receiving it from his father, Captain Thomas Lyon, who was formerly a large land owner in Clinton and built the mills on the Assabet in Northboro, where Milo Hildreth now manufactures shell jewelry and combs, after which he took up his residence in Shrewsbury for some years. The songs about old Tombolin are nearly extinct, only a few fragments remain in the memories of elderly people and the writer of this memorial has not been able to ascertain if there is a printed copy in existence. One of the rhymes ran something in this wise and shows what manner of literature delighted the hard-working, fun-loving, untrained heroes of those rough, "good old times."

THE SONG OF TOMBOLIN.

Tombolin was a Scotchman born,
His shoes were out and his stocking torn,
The calf of his leg came down to his shin;
I'm a nice good figure, says Tombolin.

Tombolin had no breeches to wear,
So he got his mother to make him a pair,
Flesh side out and the wool side in;
They're warmer so, says Tombolin.

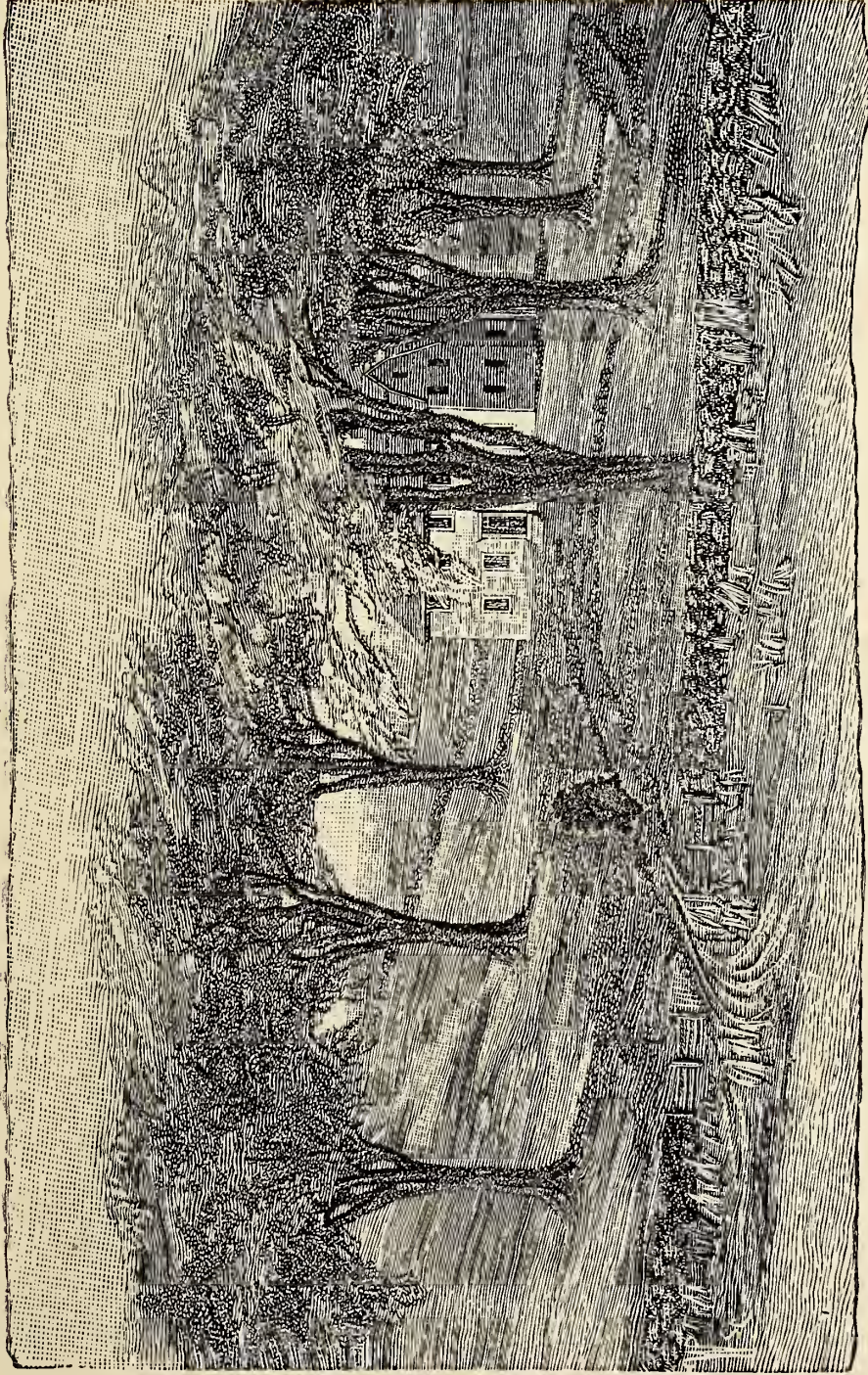
Tombolin wanted new stockings to wear,
So he got his old grandmarm to knit him a pair ;
For want of a needle she knit with a pin ;
They're delicate wearing, says Tombolin.

Tombolin, his wife and her mother
All went over the bridge together ;
The bridge broke down, they all fell in ;
“The deuce go with you,” said Tombolin.

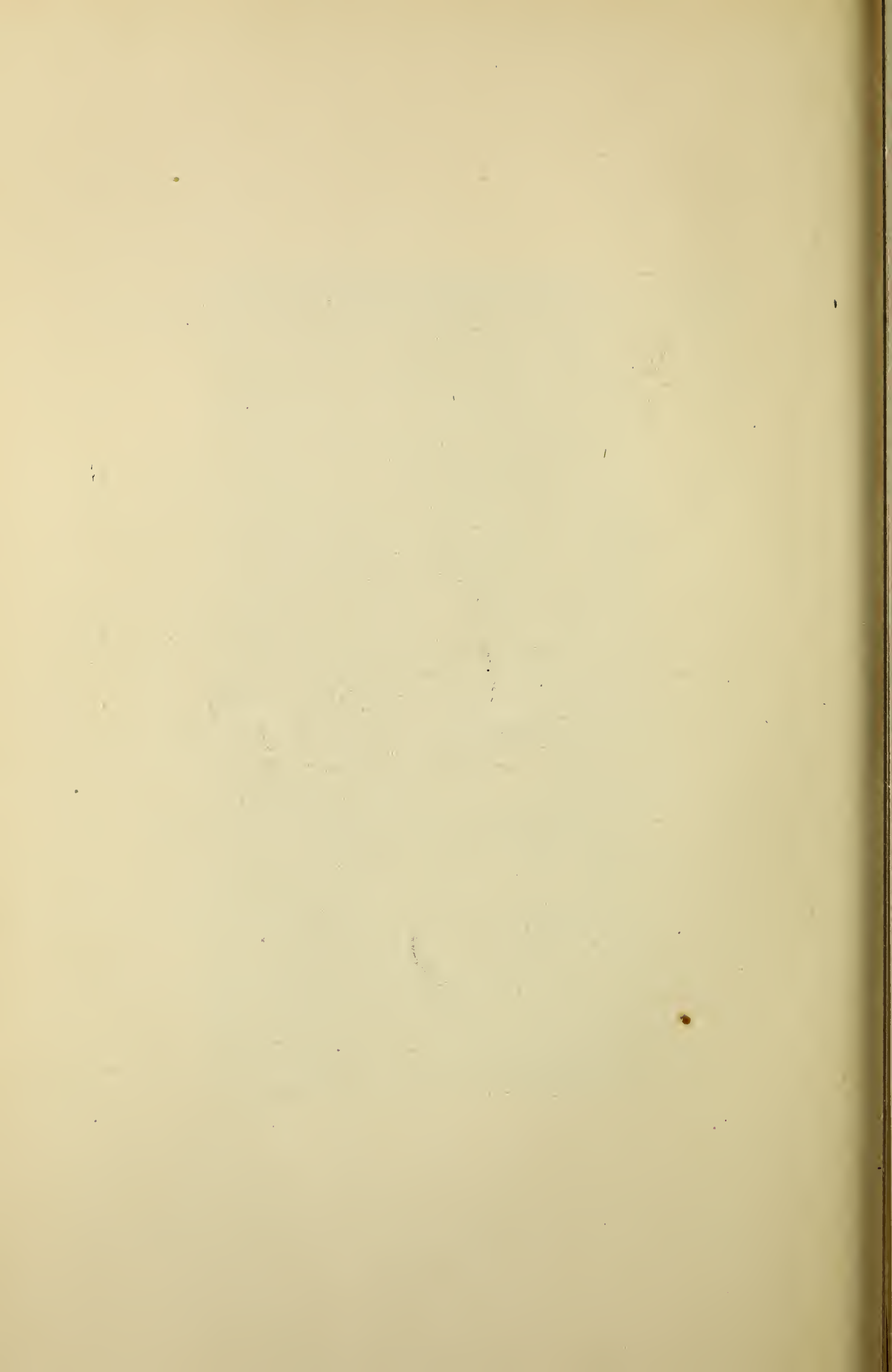
Leather breeches were by no means uncommon then, and not only breeches but aprons and coats were also made from the undressed leather as it came from the tanning. If the Shrewsbury school boys of to-day in their collars and neckties and fine cloth suits, could look into the school-room of Dennis Smith in 1770, they would be greatly astonished at seeing the boys clad in leather breeches and aprons. There is a story that a Scotchman visiting in town called at the school and was so surprised at the leather clothes of the boys, that he asked the teacher if they were all the sons of blacksmiths, or why it was that they wore leather aprons! This amused the children, for leather clothing was quite the fashion then in America.

THE FIRST MINISTER AND OTHER WORTHIES.

ALTHOUGH the first meeting-house was raised in 1721 there was no settled minister in Shrewsbury until the Rev. Job Cushing was ordained here December 4th, 1723, and the church consisting of sixteen persons then gathered for the first time in the new building. Mr. Cushing was a grandson of Matthew Cushing and his wife Nazareth Pitcher, who came from Norfolk, England, with five children and arrived in Boston on the 10th of August, 1638, on the ship Diligent, John Martin of Ipswich, Master, and settled in Hingham, where fifty-six years after, the future minister of the Shrewsbury church was born. At the age of twenty he was graduated from Harvard College. After being settled here he received a grant of land, "house lot No. 22, granted to the first minister, which with other grants made to him contained some of the best land in town." He built a parsonage on his land and married in 1727 Mary, daughter of Rev. John Prentice of Lancaster. This house stood on the spot east from the Town Hall, where now stands the house owned by Mrs.



THE CUSHING HOUSE, OR FIRST PARSONAGE.



Arunah Harlow and which was built by the Rev. George Allen, who lived there during his pastorate in town. Mr. Cushing's house was a fine one for the times and stood one hundred years. Mr. Josiah G. Stone, a great-grandson of Mr. Cushing, was born there and has furnished from memory suggestions for the drawing of the house, which was done by his son Henry J. Stone and from which the engraving was made. It will be seen that the architect departed somewhat from the common rule of building. There was the great stone chimney with a brick top, which most houses had, but the rooms were higher and the windows larger, and the house had an appearance of dignity quite proper, as belonging to the minister, the man who held the highest office in the town. Mr. Cushing received sixty pounds settlement and sixty pounds per year for two years ; after that, four pounds additional each year until it should rise to eighty pounds. He remained the minister here until the year 1760, when, in the heat of an August day, while he was binding sheaves in the field, he suddenly fell to the earth and died before aid could reach him. The spot where he fell is pointed out in the field behind Mr. Josiah Stone's house.

The communion service purchased at the time of the organization of the church in 1723 was of highly polished pewter. The pieces shown in the engraving are upon the original communion cloth, which was presented to the church by Madam Cushing. In Dr. Sumner's time, it being somewhat worn, the ladies of the

church presented it to Mrs. Sumner and purchased a new one. The old one, which is still in the Sumner family, is of fine damask, into which is curiously woven a representation of the Old Testament story of Caleb and Joshua and those who went with them to search the land of Canaan to see whether the Israelites would be

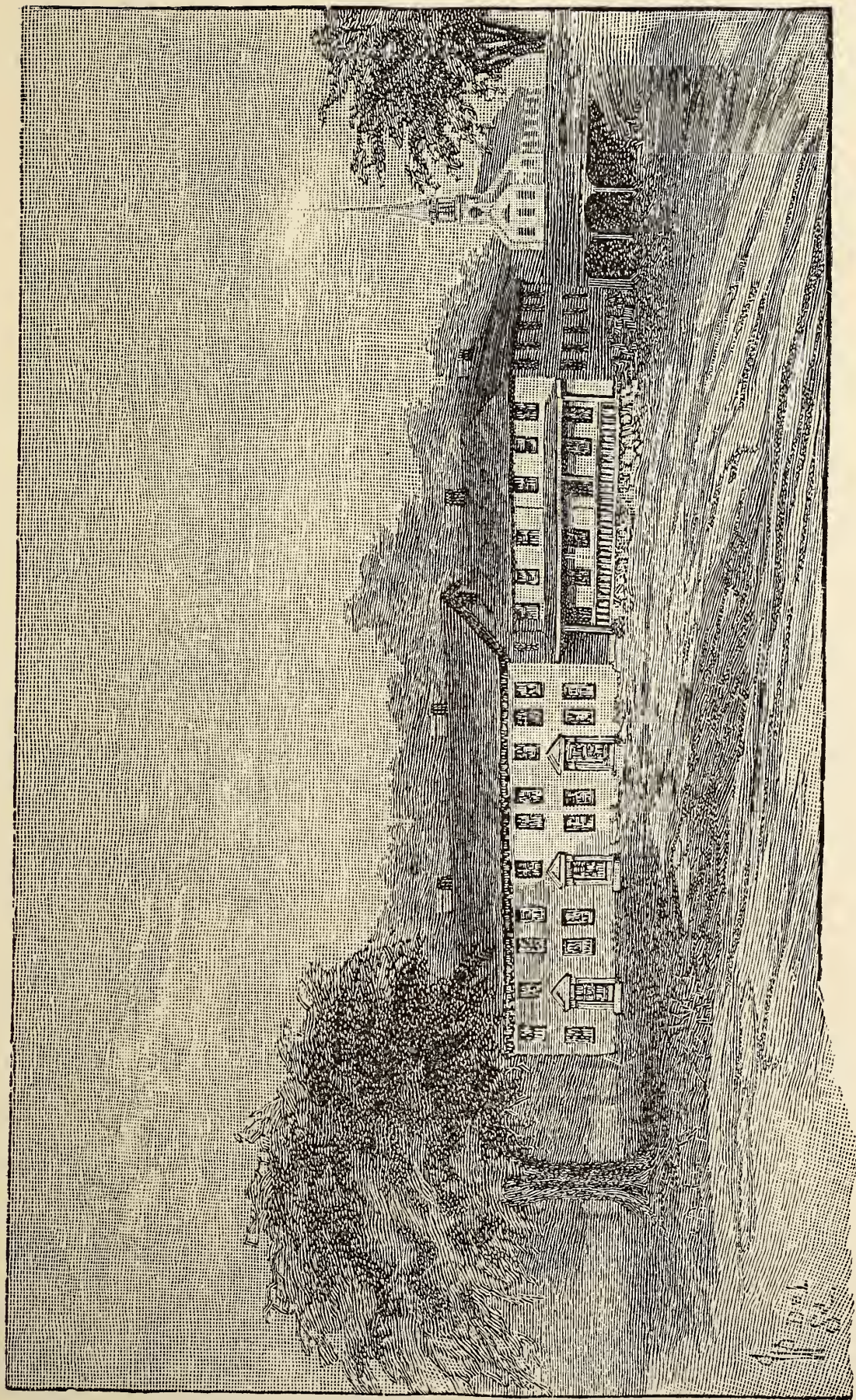


FIRST COMMUNION SERVICE.

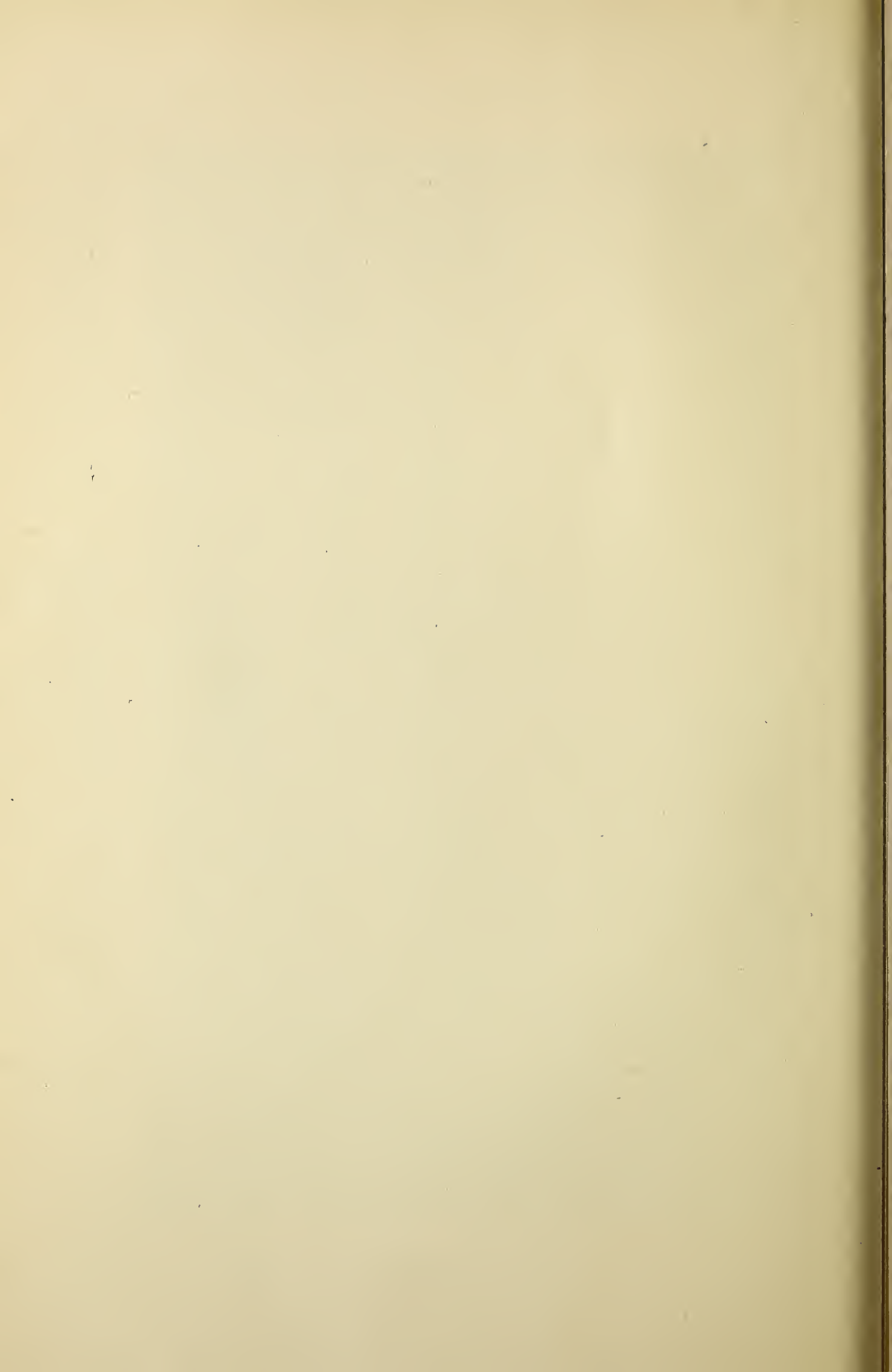
able to go up and possess it. The portion of the cloth yet remaining contains, it is evident, the whole design, as the edges show that it was repeated. At the top of the pattern are the two men returning with the huge bunch of grapes suspended from a pole borne upon their shoulders. High above the pole reaches the great stem

showing where it was cut from the vine, the grapes hang down to the knees of the men and the leaves and tendrils compare with them in size. One hand of each man is upon the pole, while in the other he carries a basket containing the figs and pomegranates which he had brought from "The land that floweth with milk and honey." Below these figures is the Tabernacle with its curtains. Moses and Aaron are prostrate before it. Above is a representation of God in a cloud with uplifted hands pronouncing judgment upon the people for their distrust and rebellion. At one side, referring to the portion of Scripture where the story may be found, are the words—NVMER XIII CAP MOYES. Below these are depicted the walled cities of the giants, their temples, birds on the wing, and trees loaded with fruit. Still further down and completing the design are the figures of two men in armor, one hand of each holding a long spear which rests upon the ground—and the words CALEP—IOSVE. (Caleb, Joshua). Between them is a tall growing vine, showing even its branching roots and bearing large clusters of grapes. On either side is the word NEHEL, which signifies a possession. The word PHARAN also occurs in the design and is the same as Paran. The story is contained in the 13th and 14th chapters of Numbers. The ancient spelling of the words proves the cloth to be very ancient and the tradition is that it was brought from the old country in the Mayflower, in 1620.

Col. Job Cushing was a son of the minister, and was chosen Captain of a military company raised in Shrewsbury in 1774 and with it started for Lexington at the first announcement of war. We hear of him next at Cambridge with his men, at the time of the battle of Bunker Hill. After his promotion as Colonel of the Sixth Regiment he was in that part of the army to which Gen. Burgoyne with four thousand seven hundred men surrendered on the 17th of October, 1777, when they made him march to the then derisive tune of "Yankee Doodle." After the war Col. Cushing built a tavern near the common. Gen. Washington once stopped here for refreshment and it is said that Jerome Bonaparte and his suit halted here in passing through town, and after dinner went swimming in Wyman's mill-pond. Samuel Haven bought the tavern of Colonel Cushing and in 1808 added a store, for many years keeping the house open to the public. From time to time other additions were made until it presented quite an imposing appearance and afforded ample accommodations for the traveling public. It was a popular stopping-place for teamsters, and the corral near the road was usually filled with horses at night, the stamping of their hoofs being heard at all hours. After a succession of many landlords, the tavern was removed in 1871 to give place to the present Town Hall. Detached parts of it still stand in different places, three dwelling houses having been made of it; the largest and oldest part is nearly opposite its



THE HAVEN TAVERN.



old situation, and its ancient date is shown by the fashion of its architectural finishings. Dr. Flint's journal says: "April 1808—Col. Cushing returned from Canada and attended lecture, at meeting on Sunday, at Sacrement, at Town Meeting on Monday and deceased the 16th." The following paper shows his faithfulness in attending to his public duties:

1195036

"Samuel Jenison, Wm. Jenison & Tylor Curtis all of Worcester Drove their Teams Loaded by my Dwelling House on Sunday Morning about 5 minutes past 6 o'clock on 7 day of April 1782

Job Cushing, Warden

To Artemas Ward Esqr"

"Honorable Thomas Flint came from Matlock in Derbyshire England, to Concord in 1638, possessed of wealth, talents, and a christian character." His great grandson Dr Edward Flint came here from Concord in 1756 and took the practice left by Dr. Joshua Smith, who died early that year. Patriotism burning in his veins he joined the army and went as chief "chirurgion" in Col. Ruggle's regiment in the expedition against Canada. He remained but a short time in the service and returned home to resume his practice, which we read, was "extensive and abundant," and that he added efficacy to his medicine by administering at the same time cheerful stories, which rarely failed to revive the spirits of his desponding patients. His son Austin was born in 1760

and received his education at the grammar school of Mr. Nathan Goddard, a graduate of Harvard College and native of this town, who kept a school here many years. The remuneration that he received for his labors with the Shrewsbury youths may be judged by the following bill signed by himself :

“Shrewsbury, March 3d—1777

Then recd. of Artemas Ward Esqr. Eighteen Pounds Lawful Money in full for Schooling his son Artemas forty weeks.

Resd. P. Nathan Goddard.”

Austin Flint's medical education was received from his father. In 1777, when on the 16th of August a call came to Worcester County for men to march to the relief of Gen. Stark at Bennington, Austin Flint then only seventeen years of age, joined a large company of mounted militia and started immediately for Vermont. They rode the first day nearly sixty miles and reached Hadley the next morning before breakfast. To their disappointment they there found counter-orders ; the battle with Burgoyne's troops was over, and the Americans victorious, having put the British to flight. Nothing was left for the Shrewsbury boys to do but to march home again. Having come so near to being in a fight with the enemy, young Flint determined to try again ; the next month he enlisted as private in Col. Job Cushing's regiment and had the gratification of being present at

the surrender of Burgoyne. Asa Wheelock, another Shrewsbury boy one year older than Austin, was his companion through the campaign and shared with him its hardships and glories. Austin was taken sick in consequence of the fatigues and unaccustomed hardships he was obliged to endure and was sent home; however, after his recovery he once more entered the Army, at the age of twenty-one, as surgeon in Colonel Drury's regiment and served at West Point.

We hear of him again in 1786 when the troops were called out to quell the Shays rebellion, and he was with General Lincoln in his memorable night march from Hadley to Petersham through the trackless drifts of a blinding snow storm. At the age of twenty-three Austin Flint settled in Leicester as medical practitioner, and married Elizabeth Henshaw, daughter of Colonel William Henshaw of that town. He became an eminent physician and noted far and wide for his skill in his profession. In looking through a package of papers now yellow with age, though the ink is as black as ever, the writer of this came across one, of which the following is a copy:

“To the Honorable the Board of Counsellors for the State of the Massachusetts Bay.”

“Whereas there is no Justice of the Peace resident in the Town of Shrewsbury, The inhabitants at their Annual Town meeting the Third of this Instant, (Agreeable to an article in the warrant) Voted to recommend to

your Honours Mr. Edward Flint, as a Gentleman Well Qualified to officiate in the capacity of a Justice of the Peace. We the Subscribers think it incumbent on us as select men of the Town to Certify that we think the Town have made a wise Choice. — And Pray that if your Honours Please the above named Mr. Edward Flint may be commissioned for a Justice of the Peace in the County of Worcester.

DANIEL HEMINWAY

CHARLES BOUKER

DAVID TAYLOR.

Select men of Shrewsbury.

Shrewsbury, March 8, 1777.”

One of the first tanners in the town of Shrewsbury was Nathaniel Whittemore, who, if we judge by his account book, was doing a good business here in 1754. The precise location of his house and currier shop is not known, but his tan vats were in the lot where the old cider mill now stands on the Ward Homestead, and the lot is to this day called the “tan vat.” An immense number of calf skins were tanned by Whittemore to be made into aprons for the Shrewsbury men and boys, as well as skins of all kinds for various uses. In September, 1760, Silas Heminway of Framingham came to work one year for him, and for his labor he was to receive sixteen pounds. Whittemore died in 1764, and in his last sickness was attended by four physicians, Edward Flint, Samuel Crosby, Ebenezer Morse and John Honey-

wood, the latter being from Worcester, and it appears that the united efforts of these four eminent and skillful men failed to save him from an untimely end. Their entire charges for services, amounted to eight pounds ten shillings.

Daniel Harris was his nurse and also his grave-digger ; for these combined services he charged two pounds and six shillings. Nathaniel Allen furnished the articles for the mourning: his bill was sixteen pounds, seventeen shillings. Jotham How's bill for shoes for the widow Sarah was "Two shillings & fourpence, three farthings & three Fifteenths In full for one pair of Shoes made for ye s^d Nathaniel's widow as mourning shoes

Rec^d Jotham How."

The judge allowed her sundry articles from her husband's estate for housekeeping amounting "in ye whole to thirteen pounds eleven shillings and seven pence" also twelve pounds in money. The cost of settling the estate was twenty.six pounds, eleven shillings four pence, three farthings and three tenths." The house, barn, currier shop and bark house were all sold at public vendue the year after Whittemore's death.

Not long after the incorporation of the town, the Knowltons settled here, Joseph and Ezekiel; the latter came from Manchester with his family and made a home in the south part of the town, on the place now owned by Thomas Henry Knowlton. Deacon Ezekiel married Susanna, daughter of Captain Morgan and his wife, Su-

sanna Pitts, from England. There is a family tradition that this Susanna Pitts married beneath her station in accepting Captain Morgan. He died on the voyage hither, and she found herself not only a widow in a strange land but alienated from her family beyond the sea. She landed friendless and homeless, with her little child, and while wandering upon the shore wringing her hands in despair, she was found by a certain Mr. Clark, who was moved with pity for her sad condition and proved that "pity is akin to love," for he wooed and won her from her grief and gave her a happy home. The little fatherless Susanna Morgan became the wife of Deacon Knowlton, and their youngest child Thomas inherited their home, a two story house which was burnt in 1776 during the War of the Revolution. Nails were so scarce at that period that it was with difficulty enough were procured to build a small one-and-a-half story house on the old site.

In this little home he reared his family of nine children; the two who were born before the destructive fire died in consequence of the inevitable exposure. Kind neighbors furnished the seeds with which to plant a garden from their own scanty store; many of them were carefully tied in bits of cotton cloth, and these small pieces were so precious to the family who had lost everything, that the thrifty mother sewed them together for a dish-cloth, necessity then as ever being the "mother of invention."

The story of Captain Thomas' dog has feasted the ears

of his descendants unto the third and fourth generations. Sheep were mysteriously slaughtered in the south-east part of Grafton. In due time evidence pointed to the Captain's dog "Ranger" as the perpetrator of the mischief; his master was interviewed on the subject but thought it impossible that Ranger could be guilty, especially as he lay nightly before the hearth in his master's sleeping room, and was always in his place in the morning. So confident were the accusers that he was the culprit, that the captain promised to watch the following night. He retired but not to sleep. The dog who was in his accustomed place arose and crept to an open window beneath which there was a sloping shed roof; crawling out on this roof he easily reached the ground and disappeared; some hours after the dog returned by the same way and again camped before the fire, his wakeful master with sorrow and consternation in his tones said "Ranger you must die for this," and gave himself up to his needed sleep. The next morning the dog was gone and was never seen or heard of again.

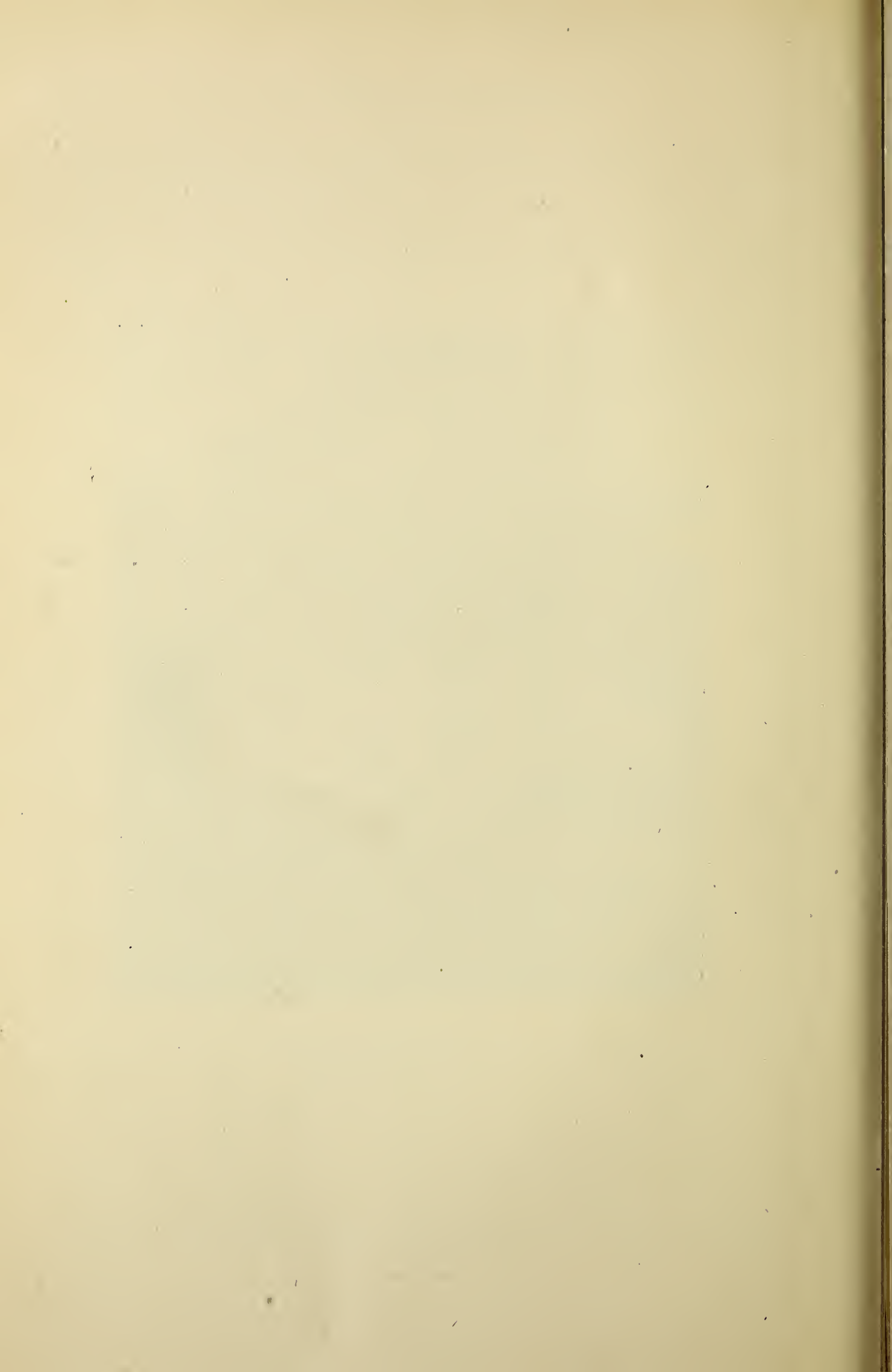
The Captain had a talent for music and for a long period led the church choir. The grandson who still owns and occupies the homestead has so renovated and added to the little home of Revolutionary times that it would hardly be recognized now by its former occupants. Next to this homestead in the southeast corner of the town, lies what is known as the Witherby farm.

Captain Silas Witherby was the first person known to

have owned and occupied this land, having come to Shrewsbury from Marlboro. Since his day five generations have played in its brooks and drank of its cool and refreshing springs. Ward's "History of Shrewsbury" says that Captain Silas married Thankful, probably the daughter of Maj. John Keyes; this is confirmed by old records which have more recently come into the possession of the family. They were married in 1728. At a later date it is recorded that they were dismissed to the church in Grafton; this, however, does not necessitate a change of residence and none appears to have been made. It is thought that at one time this tract of land may have belonged to the township of Grafton. Across the valley on the opposite hill was the John Brooks farm, now known as Kimballville. The then prevalent and much dreaded disease small-pox had attacked the inmates of the farm-house there, when their cat inconsiderately came over, as was its wont, to have a tilt with the Witherby cat. Mrs. Thankful in trying to rescue her favorite, caught the other cat and thus took the dread disease, which to her proved fatal, and she was laid to rest in a remote nook of the home farm. Early the following year Captain Silas died and at his own request was laid beside his wife. Their third child, Lt. Thomas Witherby, although a wanderer for a time, returned to the homestead with his family from New Hampshire and died there in 1827 aged 81. The name "Thomas" seems to have been handed down in the family from an early date,



THE WITHERBY PLACE.



for we learn by ancient records that one Thomas Witherby just escaped martyrdom by burning at the stake, through the death of "Bloody Mary" Nov. 17th, 1558, which was three days before the time fixed upon for his execution. In his life he exemplified the motto of his coat of Arms "Tenex in Fides." Again it fell to the lot of the third child, Thomas Witherby, Jr., to keep the homestead. Perhaps the lodestone which held him was the lovely daughter of his nearest neighbor, Captain Thomas Knowlton, for she came to grace his home and there dispensed an open-handed hospitality for sixty-six years; there, too, she gathered to her loving heart the "mitherless bairns" of more than one generation. The joys and sorrows, the festivities and merry-makings here witnessed are past recording. It is related that at one time when the Rev. Dr. Sumner came to make a pastoral call, the family rum bottle was found to be empty, a most mortifying occurrence in those days, and one of the boys was called to go in haste to the nearest neighbors, to borrow the needful, such friendly accommodation being not infrequent then. A great tumbler was filled with sweetened water and rum; a toasted cracker on the top gave this a delicious flavor. The beverage was passed first to the honored guest, who taking the glass in his hand, told a story, took a draught and passed it to the other guest, Captain Thomas Knowlton, who in turn told his story, drank a portion and passed it to "mine host," who followed the example of the others. Three times it

travelled round the circle, and who can doubt that each time more zest was infused into the story telling through the exhilarating influence of the toddy.

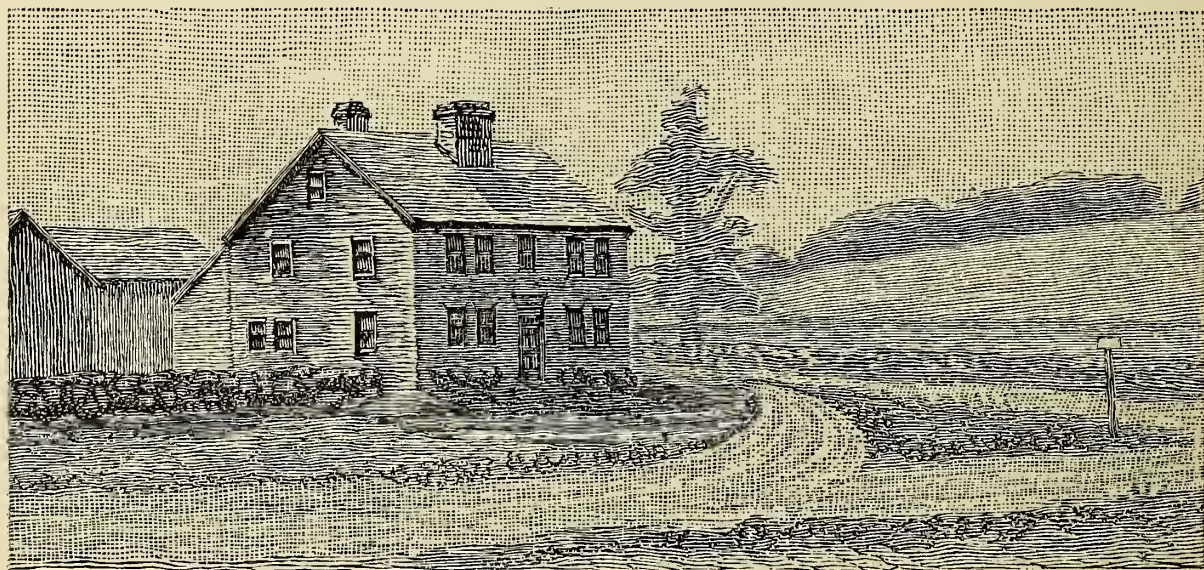
When Susanna Knowlton came into the family John Keyes Witherby, son of Silas, was still living. In his youth he was very bright and athletic, and often amused his friends by telling their fortunes with cards. One day being sent to the pasture to catch a horse he took out his cards to learn if he was going to the ball which was soon to be given. The fates were against him ; he was not to go. Before the day was over he cut his foot so badly as to become disabled, and he determined he would never touch another card. A few years later he met with an accident which laid him on his bed for the rest of his life, thirty years. His astute mind was given to the study of the Bible and he became a most intelligent and godly man.

THE PEASE TAVERN.

THE king's highway in Shrewsbury was well supplied with taverns for the entertainment of travellers, and in 1784 there were three noted inns here,—Farrar's, Baldwin's and Howe's. On the corner formed by the junction of the "great road" with the road to Westboro, about one mile from the Northboro line, stands an old house of the last century, conspicuous for its weather-beaten appearance and its substantial look which speaks of better days long since past. This is the "Farrar Tavern" or, as it has more recently been called, the "Pease Tavern." Maj. John Farrar, an army officer of good report, kept a public house here during the Revolutionary war, and entertained the military companies as they passed through the town. He was born in Concord and descended from Walkeline de Ferrariis, a Norman of distinction, attached to the suite of William, Duke of Normandy, before the invasion of 1066. A horseshoe is the emblem on the Farrar coat of arms. In 1789, when on his way to Boston, Gen. Washington honored the Farrar Tavern with his presence and we are

shown the place in the east front room where he sat and drank his wine while his inferiors took theirs at the bar.

When it became known that the hero of the Revolution was to pass this way, the school-children received an extra lesson in making their manners, that they might greet the chieftain with proper respect. And so it happened, that as Gen. Washington was riding by in his carriage drawn by two bay horses, preceded by his guard on dapple gray horses, his attention was attracted to a row of children on each side of the road, the boys



THE PEASE TAVERN.

on one side making their bows and the girls sweeping their graceful courtesies on the other. The outriders in their uniforms bright with scarlet cloth and gold lace, were so splendid that the children hardly noticed the stopping of the carriage, until a gentleman in plain brown dress alighted and Washington himself stood before them, speaking to every child and shaking hands with the older ones. John Farrar's little daughter Han-

nah was among them ; her expectations had been greatly excited concerning the unusual guest for whom such a stir had been made, and who was to receive such distinguishing marks of respect from the children, her imagination picturing him as some superior being. So when the tall gentleman in the plain brown suit stepped from the carriage, dressed more plainly than his guard and postillions, and she became aware that he was the great Washington, this spirited young woman of ten, whose noble ancestor's name was on the Roll of Battle Abbey, refused her courtesy and turning her back upon the "Father of his Country" exclaimed, "He is nothing but a man !" Her words, accompanied with the look of intense disgust on her face amused Washington, and calling her back to him, he presented her with a silver quarter. This quarter is still preserved in the family as a great treasure. The Farrar Tavern was a popular resort for teamsters going to and from Boston, as well as for military companies. Behind the house was a large open shed for the protection of the loaded wagons when the weather was wet. Another shed attached to the house contained benches and chairs where the teamsters could sit while waiting for their suppers, and shelves on which they could put their baggage. Under this shed, in the side of the house, holes were cut, one above another from the ground to the second story. These holes were of the size to admit the toe of a man's boot and by these, and the dexterous use of their hands and

feet, the men were expected to reach through a window their sleeping apartments. This arrangement seems to have been made for the convenience of both travellers and the household, as the former could come and go at pleasure, and the latter be not disturbed.

The outside door at the back of the house opens directly into the kitchen and we are told that the logs for the fire were drawn in at this door by a horse and rolled over into the fireplace. The liquor for the bar was in the kitchen and was served through a window opening into the west front room where the bar was. The window is yet in its place, as when the bar-maid passed in the sling and toddy, but it is concealed by the modern wall-paper. Near the bar can be seen the spot where the men used to pitch knives for the first drink and many names of the frequenters of this old bar-room are cut in the wood mantle above the fireplace, but the stories that made the place merry are all unwritten. In the north-east room upstairs, the Free Masons held their meetings; there is but one door to the room and no closet where eaves-droppers might perchance learn their secrets. This is still called the "Mason's room." Across the entry is the old dancing hall divided in the middle by a swing partition, which could be raised and fastened to the ceiling by a hook when the room was needed for the dances.

The house is built after the old-time fashion—two rooms in front, a long kitchen in the back with a chim-

ney in the middle. Heavy finished beams show around the rooms and in their corners, and across the ceiling is the piece known as the "summer." The windows are narrow and high above the floor in the quaint old style.

Major John Farrar died in 1793 and an extract from a letter written by General Ward, then in Congress in Philadelphia, to his son, shows the regard he had for his near neighbor. "I sympathize with Mrs. Farrar in the loss of my sincere friend and her kind husband. I esteem his death a public loss, not only as a good neighbor, but as a real friend to good government. I have grounds to hope he has made a happy change, and I pray God to take his family into his holy protection and defend them against all the darts of their adversaries. I make no doubt they have many, unless the hearts of some are changed since I left Shrewsbury ; he had some open enemies and many secret ones, I fully believe."

But the name John Farrar is not associated with the tavern in this century as closely as that of Levi Pease. He was born in Enfield, Connecticut, in 1740. His father married Miriam Pease, a distant relative, whose grandfather, Robert Pease, with his brother John, removed from Sudbury to Enfield in 1679 and lived the first winter in an excavation which they made in the side of a hill, about forty rods east of the spot where stood the old meeting-house.

Levi Pease married and lived in Somers, Connecticut ; from there he went to Blandford, Mass., where he

worked at the blacksmith's trade and was living there at the commencement of the Revolutionary war. He was a member of a newly formed military company, and one Sabbath afternoon when the people were assembled at the meeting-house for public worship, a messenger arrived calling the men to arms, for the war had begun. This startling announcement brought the meeting to a sudden close, the company responded on the instant to the call of their Captain and they at once started on their march toward Boston. He was with the Army during the whole period of the war, doing important work in various ways and by his strict attention to duty meriting the confidence which was placed in him. His remarkable tact and shrewdness rendered him successful as a bearer of despatches. In these expeditions he travelled on foot or on horseback as circumstances demanded ; avoiding at times the public roads, he took the by-ways, that he might protect the papers entrusted to his care and prevent being suspected by the tories. When his course lay across a lake, he chose to go by night, and if the moonlight threatened to reveal him to suspicious eyes, he lay upon his back in the boat and used his hands as paddles. Many perilous undertakings were accomplished while under the command of General Thomas on the northern frontier and he nursed him in his last sickness, which was small-pox. General Wadsworth engaged him to purchase horses and stores and trusted him with large sums of money, which confidence he never abused. " On the

arrival of the French fleet and army at Newport, he was directed to purchase horses to drag their artillery to Yorktown" and he foraged for the Army on its march. Lafayette was a warm friend of his and found his keen, good sense and excellent judgment invaluable to him.

The familiar story about him and his horses will not be out of place here. He had a pair of horses to sell at a time when Washington wished to purchase and an appointment was made for a meeting; Pease was a few minutes late, and Washington, who never waited for any one, was gone! He appears to have profited by this experience, for his punctuality afterward became proverbial.

In 1783 Pease went to Boston to start a new enterprise, similar to one projected in England in 1669, and which was destined to make him famous. His plan was to establish a line of stages to run between Boston and Hartford, but his means were small and he found it difficult to persuade any one to engage with him in so hazardous an undertaking. His faith in ultimate success was so great that he was not easily discouraged and he turned for aid to his friend Reuben Sykes, who had previously driven a stage with him from Somers to Hartford, a distance of twenty miles. Sykes was fifteen years younger than Pease, and his father strongly opposed the scheme and tried to dissuade his son from taking such a venture, telling him it would surely fail and lodge them both in jail as poor debtors. Rejecting his good father's advice

young Sykes went his own way and joined forces with the "dauntless Captain." "Two convenient wagons" were secured and October 20th, 1783, at six o'clock in the morning, they left Boston and Hartford respectively. Pease drove the west bound stage, starting from the sign of the "Lamb," stopping over night at Martin's in Northboro, passing through Worcester next day and resting at Rice's in Brookfield. The third day took him through Palmer to his home in Somers and on the fourth day Hartford was reached. A few trips with empty stages did not de-



THE OLD MILE STONE.

ter them from persevering and their business soon became prosperous. The plan of travel was changed the following May, when Springfield was made a stopping-place and the river crossed at that point or at Enfield. By the new arrangement the stage left Boston from the "Lion," Marlboro street; the first night's halt was at Far-rar's in Shrewsbury, Spencer being reached the day following. Here at about the highest point between Boston and Springfield the passengers were transferred to

Sykes, who conveyed them to Hartford. The fare at this time was fourpence per mile, about ten dollars from Boston to Hartford. The business was so successfully carried on that two years later Pease became the owner of a Boston Inn opposite the common and on the spot where St. Paul's Church now stands, which was thereafter the starting point for his stages. The line was later extended to New York, Talmage Hall and Jacob Brown driving between that place and Hartford. After November 15th, 1784, Worcester was reached from Boston in a single day, Hartford at the end of the third day and New York three days later. The fare was reduced to threepence per mile and the baggage allowed to each person was fourteen pounds.

The roads were in a poor condition, and Captain Pease with his usual enterprise and energy, interested himself in their improvement and with such success that the line was extended from Portsmouth to Savannah, Ga. He made the first contract with the Government for carrying its mails, and the first mail in this new service passed through Worcester on the 7th of January, 1786. The Postmaster-General reestablished the post office in Worcester March 13th, 1786, and reappointed Isaiah Thomas his deputy. After the death of John Farrar, Captain Pease bought this tavern and brought his family here. Those stage days were great days in the villages along the line and when Captain Pease driving four-in-hand awoke the echoes among the hills with the shrill

blast from his horn, announcing the arrival of the stage coach, all was excitement until the cloud of dust disappeared and the echo of the horn died away in the distance. When Captain Pease became too feeble to hold the reins and guide the horses, he entrusted the duty to a negro, under whose faithful care the business continued to prosper. The master could now ramble about his farm, fishing in its brooks, while his little granddaughter Eliza carried the bait; or accompanied by her he took the luncheon to the hay-makers, and together they would listen for the welcome sound of the horn as the stage-coach came rumbling into town. In winter evenings, when the grandchildren gathered about the fire to roast their apples and chestnuts, grandfather Pease entertained them with thrilling tales of his life as a soldier when he with great peril carried despatches, or his adventures as a stage-driver. How he endured the heat and cold and storms, over the rough and ill-kept roads, and how, when the roads were blocked by heavy snow-drifts so that his horses could not travel, he would fasten on his snow-shoes, shoulder the mail-bag and plod with his load over Boston Neck. Little Eliza, now with snowy hair and dignified step, is the only one left to rehearse these stories of "Grandpa Pease," who died in 1824. He was buried with Masonic honors in the northeast corner of the old "burying place" behind the church. No stone marks the spot where the "Father of Stages" rests, and no inscription recognizes the valuable services of this faithful

servant of the Government, whose labors were performed in the most perilous and trying times and who had the confidence and esteem of the commanders of the Army. He was also a benefactor of the town, which owes much of its present prosperity to his untiring efforts for its improvement.

His long experience as a stage driver gave him abundant cause to realize the bad state of the roads and the necessity for better ones. After long and earnest efforts he procured from the Government the first charter granted in the State for a turnpike, and it was laid out in 1808 from Boston to Worcester through South Shrewsbury, about one mile from the "great road" and parallel with it. He lived to see it completed and to see the benefit it was to the public. It is said that travel increased and stages and heavy teams became so numerous that drivers of smaller vehicles were obliged to look well to their safety. The new turnpike naturally took most of the heavy travel, and taverns were opened at short intervals along the way.

The Balch Dean Tavern was built in the last century and still stands at the junction of the Westboro road with the turnpike. This house was used as a small-pox hospital in 1792, when this disease was so prevalent in town that several houses were used in that way.

A mile beyond, toward Worcester, was Harrington's Tavern, which was built by Captain Thomas Harrington especially for the accommodation of the stages. The

sign bore the Massachusetts coat of arms, and was suspended from a rod attached to the house. On the opposite corner of the town road was the store where he sold groceries to the people of South Shrewsbury.

The tavern has been remodelled into a dwelling and a handsome residence built on the site of the old store, both being occupied by great-grandsons of Thomas Harrington. Opposite these houses is the common surrounded by beautiful maples, where stood the meeting-house of the First Restoration Society of Shrewsbury, which some years ago was removed. On top of the hill west of these stands the "Old Arcade," once used as a tavern, an important looking building with much history laid away within its walls. Like the Balch Dean tavern its front, until the turnpike was made, was toward the south; but the turnpike was made a strictly straight road without regard to front doors or anything on either side. The Dean Tavern evidently had no respect for the turnpike, for until this day it resolutely stands with its back toward it. The first landlord at the Arcade was Daniel Stone, then Nahum Eager, Abel Wesson and following him the Munroes, Isaiah and Reuben.

At Lake Quinsigamond, down at the very water's edge, was the last tavern in Shrewsbury; it was kept by Joseph Pratt. Several stages ran each way daily, each driver blowing his horn as he drew near his stopping-place, where the travellers alighted for grog and gingerbread. Until the railroad usurped the travel between Boston and Wor-

cester nearly all the freight between these two cities passed over this road. The stages, however, by no means deserted the "great road" through town, but Levi Pease's two a week multiplied into four each day, one of which carried the mail.

Until about 1806 there was no post-office in this town, all letters being left at Worcester until called for. The first post-office here was kept by Joseph Stone in a small building which stood west of the house now occupied by Dr. Brigham. A mile beyond Cushing's Tavern, later called Haven's, was the tavern in early times kept by Daniel How and, a mile further on, the one kept by Jotham How, afterward by George Slocum and later the residence of Judge Cobb.

The Pease farm has passed from one man's ownership to that of another and is now owned by Mr. George L. Davis. In a shady nook by the woods west of the road there is a sulphur spring. To reach it you cross the lot where Old Brazil, the Indian, and his wife Nancy used to live. This spring has been of some repute at different times, the water being quite medicinal and containing a large per cent. of sulphur. It is a pretty spot to visit and a drink from the spring refreshing after a dusty walk on a summer day. Old Brazil's true name was Basil Mann. He was once a pirate on the high seas and if his blood-curdling stories were true, many a hapless craft fell into his merciless hands. He enjoyed telling with what deftness he could in those times split a man's head open,

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with his axe, exactly in the middle; "one-half would fall on to one shoulder and t'other half on t'other shoulder, ugh! ugh!" Such grim and ghastly stories made him a terror to all the children in the neighborhood as well as to some of the older people, and his habit of drinking added not a little to his native fierceness and terrifying power. During his life in Shrewsbury he practiced none of his evil arts, seemingly satisfied with reminiscences of the past. He lived in the small house once occupied by Lorey Pease, son of the Captain, quietly and industriously weaving baskets which he and his wife Nancy went about the country to sell, entertaining his customers with his charming tales. These Indians must have died about the year 1850.

To show their pleasure at the departure of these undesirable neighbors, the village boys procured a bomb-shell and, placing it in the brick oven, blew the house to fragments.



THE BALDWIN TAVERN AND ITS VARIOUS OWNERS.

ON leaving the Pease Tavern and turning his course westward, the traveller sees before him the white spire of the old church, standing out clear and distinct against the horizon; nearer are the roofs of some of the village houses which border the hills to the northward. Nearer yet and at his left as he descends the hill the green meadows extend to the distant woodland, and at his right they rise into low hills. In all directions the landscape breaks into pretty pictures, and while charmed with these, his eye is attracted to a ruinous building before him on the right of the road, which excites his curiosity, and speculations arise in his mind which lead him into the yard and up to the very door. Three noble elms stand on the broad common that lies between the building and the road, and a merry brook courses along under their shadows. Before reaching the door the outline of a cellar wall is discerned, but the cellar itself is filled with the stones that once formed a chimney, and now

overgrown with a tangle of woodbine, ivy and blackberry vines. Here, as elsewhere, Nature is striving to make beautiful a most unsightly spot. The ancient door stones are left uncovered by briar and woodbine as if to keep in remembrance the forms that once tripped lightly over into the hospitable doors beyond. Seeds from the elms have been wafted among the stones, have taken root, and are becoming stately trees, since the house sheltered the lives of the last of the generations that dwelt beneath its roof. A little beyond and toward the hills are the ruins of an old barn, whose timbers gave way before the winter's blast some years ago. The sheds have gone in like manner and the one remaining barn bears signs of soon sharing their fate.

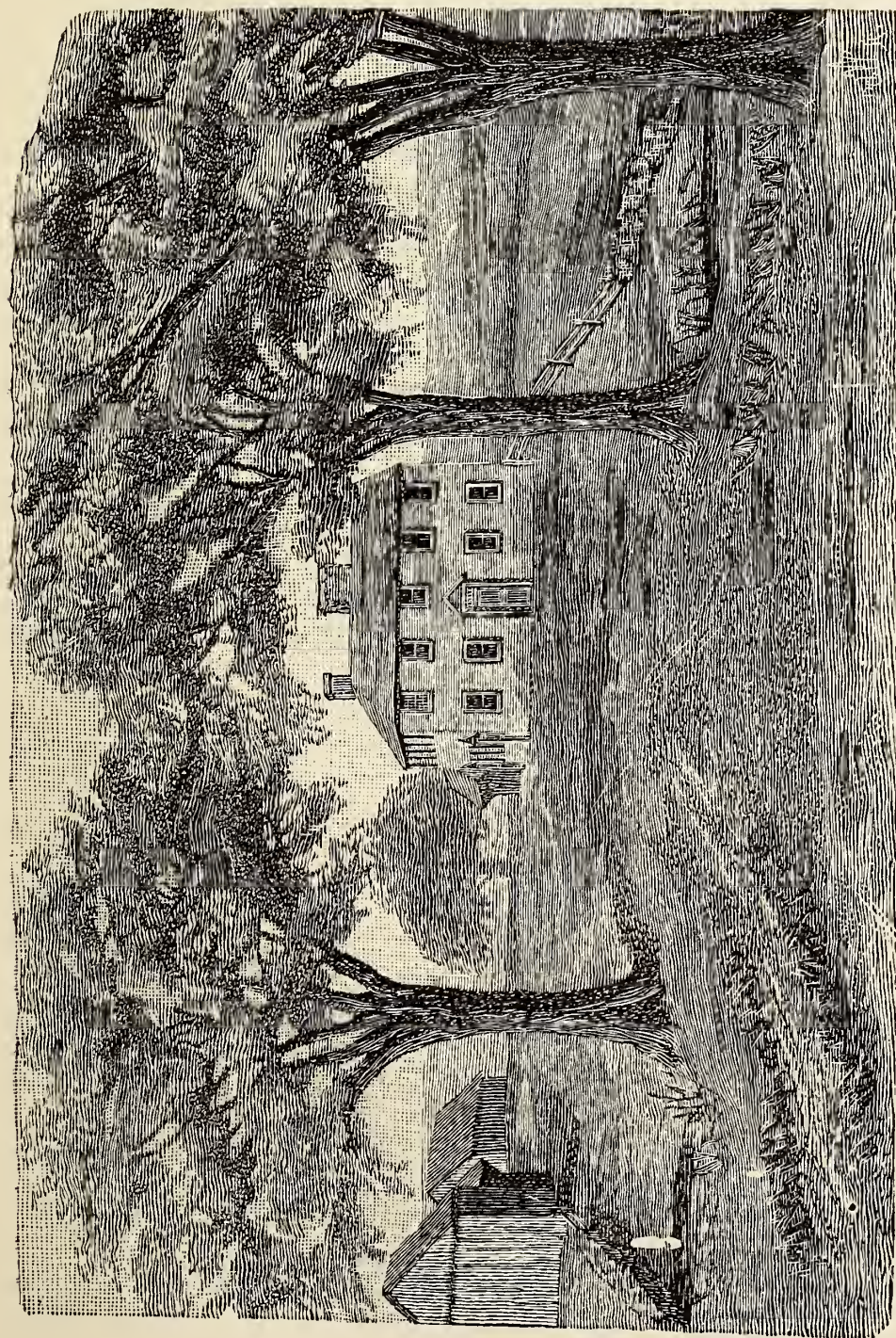
The house that once stood over the cellar now filled with stones was the noted Baldwin Tavern, famed far and near for its good cheer and its gentlemanly landlord. The date of its erection takes us back to the time when our orchards and fields were covered with thick forests, and a company of stout-hearted men lifted up their axes against the mighty trees, and laid the foundations of a town among the hills where Edward Rawson made his search for saltpetre. Nahum Ward was one of this company of men, and his was one of the forty families who settled here, established a school, and formed a church in accordance with the conditions of the grant. Nahum Ward's first dwelling-house was near the meeting-house and there his little son Benjamin died

at the age of one year. This was the first death on the town record. Nahum Ward was a lieutenant in the militia service. He was an enterprising man, and, as various old deeds show, a large land-owner, adding to his original grant by purchasing from time to time many hundred acres. He bought in 1732 of William Pepperell (who afterward became famous for leading in the siege of Louisburg) and Nathaniel Balston of Boston for the sum of one thousand pounds lawful money, one thousand five hundred acres more or less, the land being theirs by right of their wives, who inherited it from their grandfather, the Honorable Samuel Sewall. In 1742 he purchased for two hundred pounds a part of Nathaniel Treadway's share of "the tract of land called by the name of Haine's Great Farm," which farm contains three thousand and two hundred acres. He built a number of houses in different parts of the town, but the Baldwin Tavern place he must have owned at a very early period, for he selected this spot for his own residence, and removed there from Rocky Plain about 1725.

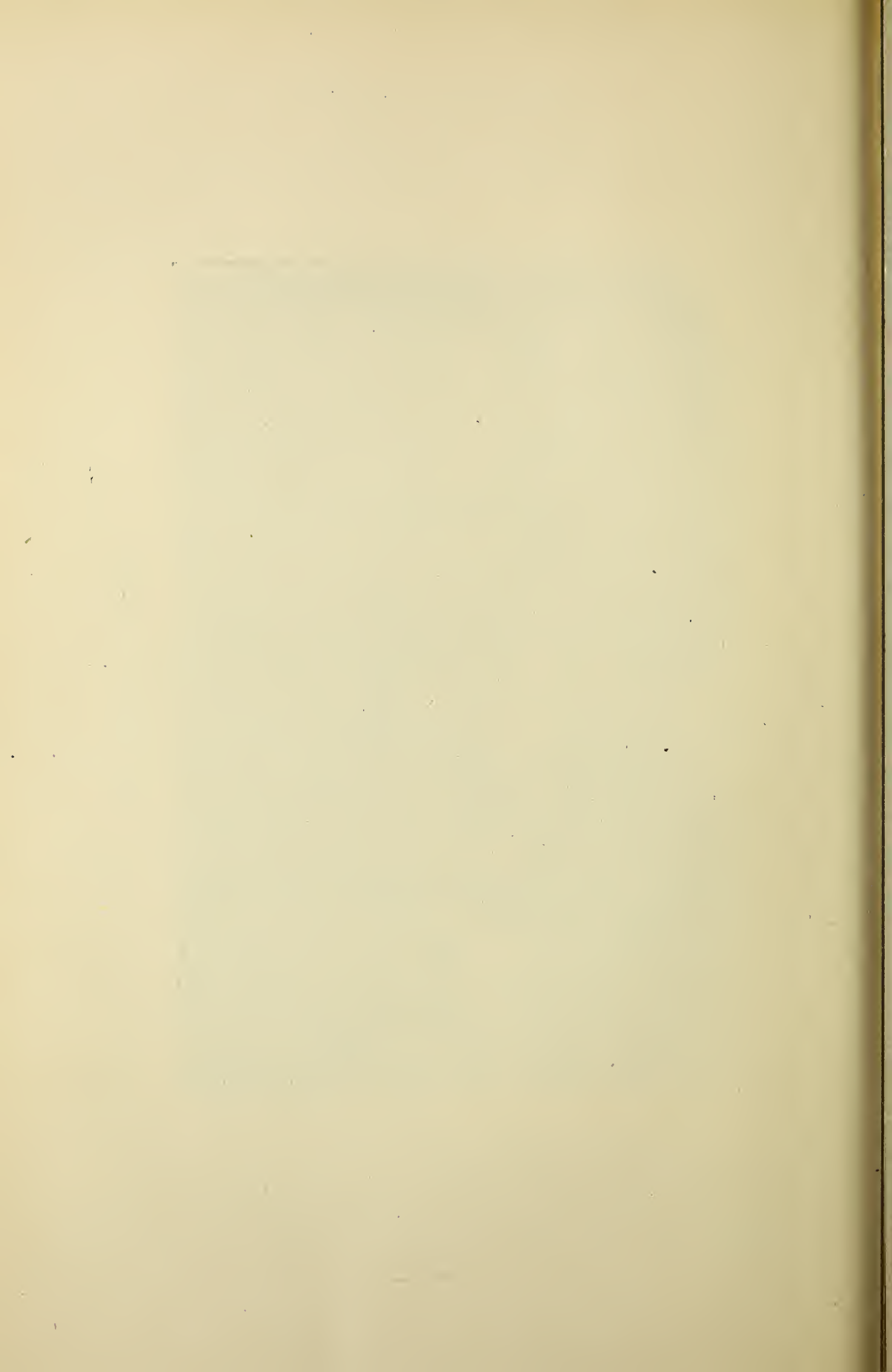
Selecting the spot upon which to build, he drew the stones for his chimney and cellar walls, levelled the sturdy oaks in the surrounding forest to get the strongest timbers for his house, and dug a well close by that gave him a supply of good spring water which is clear and cold to this day. The cellar walls being laid and all things ready, he looked about him for men to help raise the frame; not finding a sufficient force in town he

mounted his horse and rode off to Marlboro, arrayed in his lieutenant's uniform, to rally his men who in merry mood set out for the house-raising in Shrewsbury. The "scribe and tumble" rule for building prevailed in those days, by which each timber was fitted to its own place and would fit in no other, which explains why in old houses the beams are often larger at one end than at the other, and why no two doors or windows are the same size. In the middle of the house was the large stone chimney expressive of durability, which would outlast a dozen frames that might be successively built around it. Great, wide-mouthed fireplaces were on three sides of it, with immense stone mantels resting on the massive jambs at either end. There were double outside doors opening into the kitchen, through which a pair of oxen drew the "eight foot logs" for the fireplace. On the north side of the chimney in the garret floor was an open space about four feet square, enclosed on all sides down to the cellar, with no aperture save at the top. The exact purpose of this deep, dark place is not known, but it was called "the dungeon" and may have been intended for a hiding-place, as the times were perilous. A little dog once fell to the bottom and was a prisoner until a ladder was let down and he rescued from the darkness, more frightened than hurt.

The house was square in shape with two stories and a garret, and though durability was in those days the chief requisite of a dwelling-house, to this one was added



THE BALDWIN TAVERN.



some display of taste in the finish, and three windows with diamond shaped panes and leaden sashes gave a little touch of grandeur to the style.

Martha the wife of Lieutenant Ward, true to her name, was a provident house-wife, and had in abundance everything necessary to the comfort of a well ordered New England home of the olden time. She took pleasure in furnishing her new home, arranging with pride in the kitchen dresser, her store of brass, copper and pewter utensils, shining as the dames of ancient days knew how to make them shine, displaying her silver and china in the new buffet, and fitting up her chambers with her luxurious feather beds, her fine linen and her lace pillow-biers. Lt. Nahum filled his bookcase with law books, hung his silver-hilted swords over the fireplace in the "best room" and was ready for service either as magistrate or soldier. He was soon called upon to execute the duties of the former office by pleading the cause of the town against the people of Malden, who were trying to get possession of the now coveted Shrewsbury lands, formerly held by them in light esteem. He was the first representative to the legislature from this town and served in the same capacity seven years, holding also many town offices; later in life he was appointed Colonel of the militia and judge of the Worcester Court. He died in 1754 and in his will mentions his wife most affectionately, charging his executors to provide amply for her comfort, giving her "six bushels of meal a year,

220 lbs. of meat, two barrels of cyder and a sufficiency of apples for her own eating" also that "they shall yearly and every year provide a sufficiency of good fire wood, cut fit for ye fire and laid at her Door, both summer and winter." He also bequeathed to her his "Riding Chair and all the furniture thereunto belonging," and one half of all his "household stuff besides the improvement of my silver Can and six silver spoons," a goodly sum of money and two good cows. Dr. Crosby's bill for attendance in the last sickness of both Nahum and Martha his wife, is yet preserved, "March 25th, 1754, Col. Nahum Ward Dr. To seven visets & Sundry Medicines £. 0 - 15 - 6 To medicine for Mrs. Patty 0 - 6 - 9 June 25th, 1755. The widow Mrs. Martha Ward Deb. to 8 visets Bleeding & Med. £. 0. - 15 - 1

Errors excepted.

Sam^l Crosby.

The "Mrs. Patty" in the bill was a daughter who was an invalid all her life, though she lived to be seventy years old. There is in the family a silver spoon which belonged to her and with which she used to stir the porridge in her silver porringer as she lay on her couch; nearly one half of the spoon is worn away with the constant stirring. This spoon is treasured as a memorial of "Aunt Patty."

Among Col. Ward's papers is the following bill of sale.

"Be it known to all by these presents, that I Nathaniel Henchman of Lynn, in the County of Essex in the Prov-

March 24th 1712 Col. Sakhum Ward Deb.
To seven Sifts & Sundry Medicines £0-12-6
To med. s. for M^s Gatty — : 0-0-9
June 24th 1712 The widow M^s Martha
Ward Deb. to 8 Sifts Bleeding & Med. s. £0-15-1
Errors Excepted for Sam^l Crofsey

FACSIMILE OF THE DOCTOR'S BILL.

ince of the Massachusetts Bay in New England Clerk,
 for and in Consideration of the sum of Seventy Eight
 Pounds in province Bills to me truly paid and signed
 by Nahum Ward of Shrewsbury in the County of Midd^x
 in his Majesties Province above s^d yeoman have Sold
 and Delivered to the S^d Ward My Negro Boy Servant
 named Cæsar for & During the whole term of S^d Boy's
 Natural Life always hereafter to be and abide to the Sole
 Use Benefit & Service of the S^d Ward his heirs Executors
 Administr^{rs} & Assigns, & I Do hereby become obliged to
 Defend my S^d Negro Serv^t to the S^d Ward against the
 lawful Claims of any whomsoever. In witness whereof
 I have hereto Sett my hand and seal this 15th day of No-
 vember Anno Domⁱ 1728

Nathaniel Henchman.

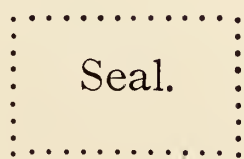
Signed and Sealed in ye presence of

Nath^l Henchman

Mary Henchman

Abigail + Newhalls

mark.



The year after the death of Colonel Ward 160 acres of
 the place, including the buildings, was sold for 540
 pounds 13 shillings, to Henry Baldwin, of Pelham, N. H.,
 who opened there a public house, put a bar across a
 corner of the southwest room, and set up a tall sign post
 in the yard, upon which it was announced to the way-
 farer that here was to be found refreshment for man and
 beast. Near the sign stood the old mile stone, now

prostrate, proclaiming, by its white letters upon a black surface, that Boston was thirty-six miles away. Henry Baldwin proved himself to be a model landlord; hospitable, genial and attentive to the wants of his customers, he soon achieved renown in his calling. The handsome tavern, freshened by a new coat of yellow paint, presented an attractive appearance to the weary traveller who was at once conducted to the bar where the most refreshing drink was offered him, and whether the partaker was too warm or too cold it always put him in proper condition. The bar had a handsome railing of small rods for ornament, and an outside door opened just beside it. One evening old Richard Grimes of Hubbardston, who had not neglected the bars of other taverns on the way, on drawing rein at this hospitable door, forgot to leave his horse outside, and forthwith into the bar-room came horse and rider for a most unneeded drink. This is the Grimes immortalized in the familiar song, written by Albert G. Green, who lived in the latter part of the last century and the first of the present. It is noticeable that in this curious poem the first two lines of each stanza refer to his character and the last two to his apparel.

OLD GRIMES.

Old Grimes is dead, that good old man
We ne'er shall see him more;
He used to wear a long blue coat
All buttoned down before.

His heart was open as the day,
His feelings all were true ;
His hair was some inclined to grey
He wore it in a queue.

Whene'er he heard the voice of pain,
His heart with pity burned ;
The large round head upon his cane
From ivory was turned.

Kind words he ever had for all,
He knew no fell design ;
His eyes were dark and rather small,
His nose was aquiline.

He lived at peace with all mankind,
In friendship he was true ;
His coat had pocket-holes behind,
His pantaloons were blue.

Unharm'd, the sin which earth pollutes,
He passed serenely o'er ;
And never wore a pair of boots,
For thirty years or more.

But good Old Grimes is now at rest,
Nor fears misfortune's frown ;
He wore a double-breasted vest,
The stripes ran up and down.

He modest merit sought to find,
And pay it its desert ;
He had no malice in his mind,
No ruffles on his shirt.

His worldly goods he never threw
In trust to Fortune's dances,
But lived (as all his brothers do)
In easy circumstances.

His neighbors he did not abuse,
Was sociable and gay ;
He wore large buckles on his shoes
And changed them every day.

His knowledge, hid from public gaze,
He did not bring to view ;
Nor make a noise town-meeting days,
As many people do.

Thus undisturbed by anxious cares,
His peaceful moments ran ;
And everybody said he was
A fine old gentleman.

There were many "fine old gentlemen" of the Grimes stamp frequenting that bar-room, and people of all degrees and trades stopped at the Baldwin Tavern. Tradition whispers that some time in the remote past a dark deed was committed within those walls. A

certain night two travellers arrived and took lodging in the same room. In the morning one of them was missing and the other was found dead. The blood stains upon the bedstead caused it to be laid aside in the garret where it remained, filling that corner of the garret with spectres to those superstitiously inclined. Who the unfortunate man was, who was his evil disposed companion, or to what place he fled, are matters unknown to history and unsung by tradition.

The family parlor was the southeast room, which had no door but the one into the front entry, and the other part of the house could not be reached except through the bar-room.

This was not always an agreeable transit for the young ladies, who sometimes found a way through a window and reached the kitchen by a run outside the house. There were seven daughters belonging to this household; and seven girls will make any house merry; so we must believe that there were few dull hours in the family that lived in the Baldwin Tavern. Only two of these daughters married Shrewsbury men. Mary married Elisha Ward, the son of Nahum; they went to live in Petersham. Lucretia became the wife of Jonas Stone, who established the Stone homestead near the church, now owned by Mr. Frederick Stone of Boston, grandson of Jonas and Lucretia, who has repaired and enlarged it for his summer residence.

Before the Revolutionary War, the large yard in front

of the Baldwin Tavern was used as a training ground for one of the military companies, formed to accustom the farmers to the use of firearms and prepare them for actual service. Henry Baldwin's mother married a second husband, Col. John Jones of Hopkinton, and after his death came to live with her son, who built an addition to his house for her use; this is the part now standing. It was a snug little home for Lady Jones, two rooms below and one above with a fireplace in each and little cupboards for her china and silver. There by the west window sat the fair dame of one hundred years in her white ruffled cap and kerchief, her spinning wheel in the corner, and by her side a little stand containing a few treasured books. In 1793, on the day when she completed her century of life, the Rev. Dr. Sumner took her to a sleighride, and though we do not hear that she had any robe to throw about her save a camlet cloak, we do not hear either that she came near freezing, or took a dreadful cold, or any such thing, but that she had a real good time and lived to take tea with Mrs. Sumner on her birthday three years later "in good health and enjoying Reason," as Dr. Sumner wrote in his journal. Two years longer she lived in her cosy rooms, reading and knitting and spinning, the neighbors' children making the rooms merry with their games—the favorite place for them to hide in playing "hide and whoop" was under Grandma Jones' big apron; as this mysterious hiding-place was well known

to all partakers of the game, there was always a rush for it and a great rush away from it, sometimes nearly dislodging the old lady from her chair, who after all enjoyed the fun and laughed with the children while she replaced her spectacles and rearranged her cap. Lady Jones' fireplaces are desolate now and the cranes move on rusty hinges. Instead of children's voices, the winds howl and storms drive through the sashless windows, and blood-stains are upon the floor she once kept so white, and daily sanded with care.

Henry Baldwin died in Nov., 1789, leaving his son Henry in possession of the place. But his reign in the Tavern was short, for the next month he fell from the beams in the barn, breaking his neck. The place then came into possession of Capt. Aaron Smith, whose son Ashbel in time married the widow Baldwin. Capt. Smith for some years kept up the tavern, which had become famous. People far and near had heard of its fame and travellers lengthened or shortened a day's journey that they might see for themselves the glories of the Baldwin Tavern.

Aaron Smith was a noted man in these parts ; he was an intrepid soldier, having been engaged in the expedition against Canada, and was one of the few Shrewsbury men who fought at Bunker Hill. Having scented the battle from afar, he evaded the sentry at Charlestown, and was firing away with all his might at the British from behind the hay fence, when a negro at his

side became so crippled by a ball from the enemy that he could not rise to discharge his gun, but he could load his own as well as Smith's while the latter fired them both off until the ammunition was expended. Smith then took the negro on his back to carry him off the field, but the enemy's balls coming thick and fast, one of them shattering the gun in his hand, he was obliged to leave the negro to his fate, only saving himself by a hasty retreat. He lived to fight under Lafayette when they had "such a terrible time in the Jarseys," and commanded a company of men in the time of the Shays rebellion, of which we shall hear more in another chapter.

The stories which he related in his old age of his many adventures were listened to with great interest, but being then unwritten are lost to us except the few fragments which we have by tradition.

When Lafayette came to Worcester in 1824, the Shrewsbury Rifle Company was accorded the post of honor in his escort. Many gray-haired soldiers pressed forward in the crowd to greet their old commander, and among them Aaron Smith, who in his eighty-ninth year walked from his home to see him. Lafayette at once recognized him and most affectionately embraced him. Captain Smith presented him with a cane which he had carved from a grape-vine brought from the Jerseys, which he accepted with pleasure. Smith was a famous carver of canes and there are some specimens of his skill yet in existence. He was anticipating much satisfaction in

being present at the laying of the corner stone of Bunker Hill monument in 1825, but the old man died without the sight on the ninth of the May previous.

Some years before his death he removed to the westerly part of the town, having sold the Baldwin place to Mr. Samuel Bullard, who kept the tavern open a few years, then closing his doors upon the public sold no more comforting drinks from the bar and took down the sign from the tall sign-post by the milestone near the road. Then travellers instead of taking the well known turn into the yard, guided their horses by, looking sadly at the old place and thinking of the jovial times in the by-gone days, with a sigh drove on to Haven's, a mile beyond, or to Pease's, in the other direction.

The house still wore the friendly look, but the sign-post looked forlorn, at least so thought the neighboring boys, who one night decorated it to their satisfaction and in the morning when the owner took his stroll under the elms, he saw a great yellow pumpkin swinging from the hook which once held the sign. This was the last day of the tall sign-post ; before night it had been levelled to the ground, Samuel Bullard wishing to have no more boy's pranks played upon it. It was incorporated into the frame of the yellow barn now standing. He once told a neighbor that there was a large sum of money buried upon the farm, that no one would ever find should he die suddenly. Not long after, while driving in his wagon around the corner by Haven's

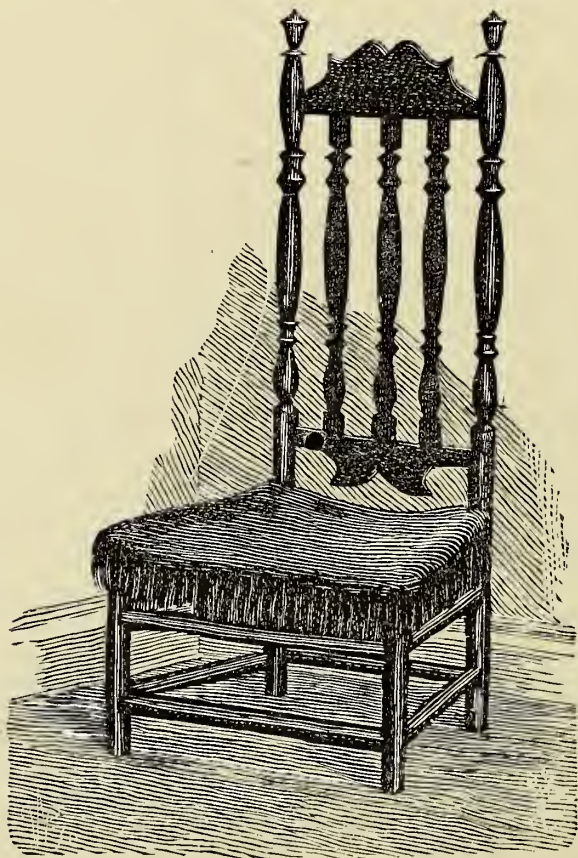
tavern, his horse became frightened at a curtain blowing from a window and, starting suddenly to run, Mr. Bullard was thrown out injuring his neck so seriously that he died soon after. It is not known that any discovery was ever made of the buried money. Samuel Bullard's son Jason inherited the place which had been the scene of so many and varied experiences, and at his death it passed into the possession of his children, who are still the owners. It was in 1864 that the house was torn down. For many years it had given unmistakable evidence of decay; its late owners had not kept it in repair and winds and storms had played with it unmolested. The timbers were settling at the corners of the rooms and breaking away from the chimneys, the board partitions were warped, and the floors sinking in the middle, in some places broken through and the entire structure going to ruin, except the part built for Lady Jones, which was quite secure, and in it the Bullard sons (the only ones of the family remaining here) took up their abode before the demolition of the ancient part took place. This was a more formidable task than had been anticipated, for although it had such a dilapidated look, there was yet great strength in the wooden pins that held the beams together, and that for some time refused to yield to the united efforts of several pair of oxen to break them apart, for Nahum Ward had built his house to last. The great chimney required more than a steady pull from the oxen to lay it prostrate; it was

firm as the pyramids of Egypt, until a battering ram was in some way constructed and the masonry attacked with it. This proved successful, and the chimney with its fireplaces which spoke of warmth and comfort, soon became the pile of stones which Nature has so gracefully concealed with her vines and spreading elms.

Twelve years later Lady Jones' kitchen became the scene of a tragedy which is still remembered with horror. Ever since that dreadful night in October, 1876, when the whole village was startled by the cold-blooded murder of John Bullard, a peaceable, inoffensive man, the house has stood empty, save as it has been a shelter for squirrels, bats and owls and for homeless cats—or for passing tramps who take refuge there for a night. People who favor ghost stories say that the place is haunted; be that as it may, it is certainly dismal and forlorn enough by day, and in the moonlight when the wind rattles the loose boards, sets the doors groaning on their rusty hinges, howls up the deserted stairway and the cold chimney, it is uncanny—a place for hags to rest awhile from their broomstick rides and chat with the bats and owls and cats, while they search out the blood-stains upon the floor! But we would rather leave the witches with their weird companions to their midnight mutterings, and think of dear old Lady Jones in the far-away years rocking and knitting and singing her psalms.

“The leaning barn about to fall
Resounds no more on husking eves :
No cattle low in yard or stall,
No thresher beats his sheaves.

“So sad, so drear ! It seems almost
Some haunting presence makes its sign
That down yon shadowy lane some ghost
Might drive his spectral kine !”



THE LAST OF MRS. JONES' CHAIRS.

DR. SUMNER AND THE CHURCH.

ABOUT the middle of the last century, eight young men set out on horseback from their native town Pomfret, Conn., for Yale College, Oliver Grosvenor, a young lad of ten years and brother of one, going with them to bring back the horses. This novel procession attracted much attention as they passed through the village, and a lady from Massachusetts who was visiting in Pomfret asked what was to be done with all those young men. The laughing reply was "We are going to send them as missionaries into Massachusetts." The answer was prophetic, for six of the eight were afterward settled over churches in this state.

The death of the Rev. Job Cushing left the Shrewsbury church without a minister. To obtain another was a serious matter, and a day of fasting and prayer was appointed by the church, to the end that the Lord would guide them in their choice. The one whom they finally chose was Mr. Joseph Sumner, one of the eight young men from Pomfret. He in the meantime had graduated

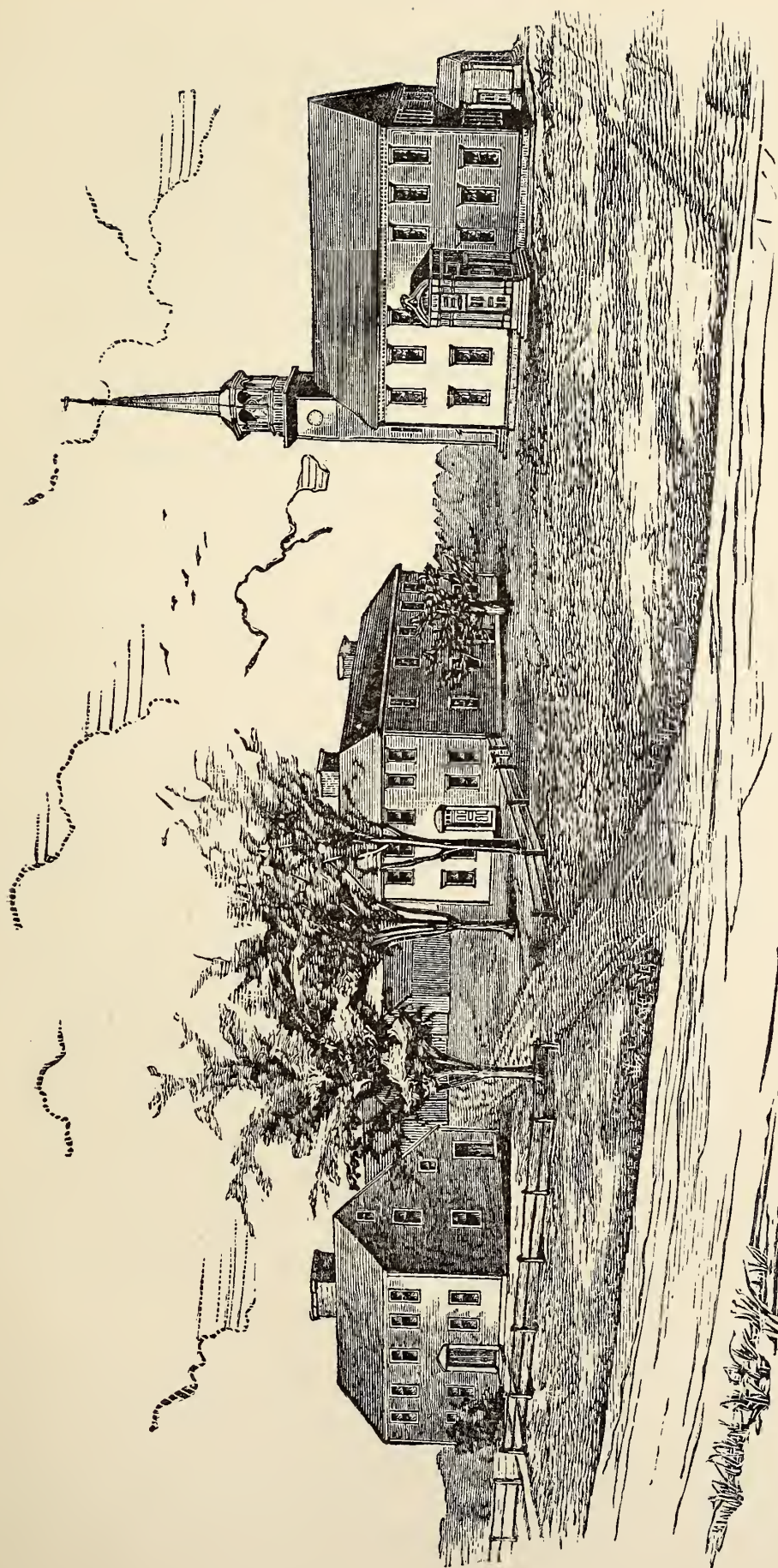
from Yale College with honors, in the class of 1759, had taught school the next winter in Charlton, Mass., and in the spring had commenced preparing for the ministry with his pastor, Rev. Aaron Putnam, in Pomfret.

During the summer of 1781 he preached here according to request, but declined to remain longer, as he did not desire an early settlement. In March the next year, the church again sought him, and sent him a formal call, which he accepted.

His long and successful pastorate shows that their choice was well made. The salary agreed upon was sixty-six pounds a year, six pounds more than his predecessor, Mr. Cushing, received. Mr. Sumner in preparing for his new work, and in accordance with his ideas of propriety, had his hair cut short, and put on a wig in honor of his ordination, never appearing in public after that without one.

The day decided upon for the ordination was the twenty-third of June, 1762, and the day being fine, people from the surrounding towns came in large numbers to witness the ceremony. It was thought unwise to crowd the meeting-house, which was small and too old to be secure. Consequently, when the preparations for the occasion were made, a platform was erected outside, upon which the services were conducted.

The council consisted of nine ministers with their delegates, and it was voted to observe the day solemnly, as a day of fasting and prayer. And so it is to be



THE SUMNER HOUSES AND THE CHURCH AS IT STOOD BEFORE 1834.

supposed that they had their ordination, and that the council got no dinner !

The next year Mr. Sumner bought for his residence the house and land owned and occupied by Artemas Ward, then Colonel under King George. When he had all things in readiness, he went to Pomfret to marry Miss Lucy Williams, a worthy young lady of great refinement and intelligence, from an ancient and noted family, and he writes in his note book June 8th, "We came to live at our own house." Mr. Sumner was not long in winning the favor of his parishioners and he was, in all respects, a man to whom they could look up. Mentally he was strong, calm, and equal to all emergencies. Physically he was tall, with a commanding figure, which he carried with great dignity, his height of six feet and four inches making him a Saul among his people.

The majesty of his appearance, with his white wig, and his three-cornered hat, from underneath which shone a pair of dark, piercing eyes, sent a feeling of awe through the young, and the boys never failed to take off their hats when they met his venerated form on the street.

A child seeing him for the first time ran into the house and told his mother that he had seen God ! To his dignity there was added that courtly and saintly grace, that showed him to be a gentleman and a Christian; and beneath all was his large, kind heart that had room for

all his people. His kindly sympathy carried comfort to the homes he visited, and his genial good nature made him everywhere welcome. He was a busy man with his farming, his visiting, and writing two sermons a week, sometimes three, and on Saturday afternoons hearing the school children recite their catechisms.

His sermons were attractive, not being so long as to be wearisome, but always containing that which was not only worth listening to, but which was also well worth remembering. Though not gifted with great fluency of speech, his language was eloquent, and his words convincing.

Four years passed away, and the old meeting-house was found to be far too small to accommodate the large audiences that flocked to hear Mr. Sumner preach. It was the custom for every one to go to church; the town was growing, the inhabitants were enterprising, and ambitious to have their town as progressive as others about them, and they voted in town-meeting to build a new and more commodious meeting-house. Where it should be erected was a serious question and caused quite a dissension between those who lived on Rocky Plain and the more remote dwellers in the south. The north precinct had been set off as a separate parish and called Boylston. Those in the south still travelled four miles every Sabbath day to the meeting-house and having done this for twenty years or more, they requested the town to place the new meeting-house

nearer to them and thus equalize the distance to it from all parts of the town. If this could not be done they wished to set off as a separate parish like their northern brethren. Feeling hurt that little attention was paid to their protests and entreaties, a lengthy petition was sent to the legislature, in which their woes were set forth and redress prayed for. For some reason they withdrew this petition and the new house was erected on Rocky Plain very near the old one. In those times preaching was supported by the town, and consequently a general interest was taken in the new house of worship. A building committee was chosen, whose purpose was to have the work well and thoroughly done, and home labor was to be preferred to any other. The timbers were all selected from the Shrewsbury forests and hewn by the sturdy owners; Shrewsbury blacksmiths made the nails and the architect himself, Mr. Daniel Heminway, was a Shrewsbury man and a famous church builder. All things being ready, the town voted to raise the building on the thirteenth of May, to provide a good supper and to send to Boston for a barrel of rum, probably the latter to keep up the spirits of the workmen and because it was a day to be remembered to all generations. We are not told that there were any cornerstone ceremonies, or that the supper provoked any after speeches. That was an entirely practical company of men who wiped the drops from their faces that warm afternoon, and sat down to refresh themselves with the

sumptuous repast which the willing hands of the wives and sisters had prepared while the work was going on. The men were weary; all day since six o'clock in the morning they had labored hard to fit the mighty timbers into their places and fasten them together with the strong oaken pins that were to hold them for an unknown number of years. The work for that day was finished and they viewed it with great satisfaction as they were eating their supper on the common in the fresh breeze of the early evening. The setting sun threw a glory over the newly hewn timbers, on that day raised to a new honor, as if the blessing of Heaven were descending upon the labor of their hands.

The sturdy yeomen may have felt this, for they had done their work faithfully and well, as the structure itself testifies that has stood through the storms and tempests of more than a century, that even the lightning stroke failed to destroy and is in 1892 apparently good for a hundred years to come. Mr. Sumner in his journal says "July 7, 1766, The old House was taken down. July 13, 1766, Being Lord's Day we met ye first time in the new House, upon wh. occasion I preached from Genesis 28 chapter & ye 17 verse—"This is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of Heaven.'" The new meeting-house, forty-five feet wide and sixty long, had at first no steeple or bell—they waited forty-two years for those; the ornamentation, though simple, was artistic both inside and out, and all was painted white.

Although the color of the inside has several times been changed, the white church remains yet a landmark to all the country round. The style of architecture belonging to that period may be seen in a few other buildings in town, the Haven Tavern being one. There were porches on the east and west ends, and a larger one on the south side. This was the main entrance and opened on to the broad aisle, which extended back to the pulpit on the north side. The aisles from the east and west porches met at the broad aisle and there were lesser aisles leading from these to the different pews. A gallery ran around three sides of the house, in the south part of which sat the choir. It was in 1765, the last year of the old meeting-house, that "Jedediah Tucker and Jonathan Wheelock were chosen by the clrk. to set the psalm in public worship." Stoves were at that time unknown and the new house was as cold as the old one. Old ladies had their foot-stoves which they carried filled with live coals and replenished at the minister's fireplace at noon, while they sat there to warm themselves, eat their luncheon and talk over the morning-sermon, speculating meanwhile on what the subject for the afternoon might be. The pews were built after the old historic pattern, square with high backs and seats on three sides, and doors that might be closed in cold weather to prevent a circulation of air and the escape of heat from the foot-stoves. If the pews were crowded, and there were boys in the family, one of them must sit in the

doorway. The seats were on hinges, to allow them to be lifted and give standing room for the people when they rose to pray or sing. The prayer or singing being over the seats were let down again upon their braces, and if this were not done with the greatest care, a general clatter ensued, which was usually the case. There was one boy (who at ninety told the story with great zest,) to whose ears this clatter was music. He decided one day that the next Sabbath he would manfully do his part in this portion of the service so delightful to him. Waiting until the long prayer was over, throwing all his fervor into the act, he brought his seat down with a bang that sent a thrill of joy through his soul. His father's hand on his shoulder gave him another thrill which quickly dissipated the first, and it is enough to say that he replaced his seat more quietly in the future. Any invention for physical comfort in meeting was considered an innovation and it was with some distrust that the "lolling table" was received. This was the rather indolent name for what was perhaps a necessary comfort to some in those days of long services, being a small shelf on which the elderly weary could rest their heads without fearing the stick of the tithing man who is supposed to have been always on the alert to awaken all the sleeping children and drive out all the little dogs who would not sleep. Mr. Simon Maynard introduced the first of these tables into his own pew for his own special relief when the sermon was too long. He soon

found occasion to try his new method of restful worship, and when the sermon was in its seventhly he quietly bowed his head. No sooner did the board feel the pressure, than the supporting hook gave way and down went the table; down, too, went his head, to his extreme mortification — reminding one of the *miserere* of the monks which fell the moment one leaned heavily upon it, thus revealing his weakness and wickedness in becoming weary with standing through the long service. But the people of Shrewsbury church were not like the monks of old and the sinfulness of ease being less apparent to them than formerly, Mr. Maynard's unfortunate mishap did not deter others from providing themselves with these comforting and convenient rests, making sure, however, that the hooks were securely fastened. In some of the primitive churches the pews were made each by a different individual. When a man desired a pew he made his own and though conforming to the general pattern he exercised his taste or consulted his convenience in the kind of wood used and the quality of the finish. The work all being done by hand the result was that some of them were well made; in others the corner posts were unlike in height and size, and all roughly hewn. This may have been the case with the first meeting-house in Shrewsbury, but the one which we are describing was proper in all its appointments and the work skilfully done.

Mr. Sumner's fame was not long in reaching beyond

his own town. His opinions began to be held in great regard among the ministers in the region, and were sought on all occasions when weighty matters were under consideration. And so in time, no minister's meeting or council was thought to be complete without his presence, and his superior judgment.

During the Revolutionary War he was a firm patriot in the struggle for liberty, and his influence was always on the side of the Colonists; his sympathy and thoughts were with those who had gone out from among his own people into the perils and hardships of war. His letter to the Shrewsbury soldiers in the Army under Washington, after the defeat on Long Island, while they were camped in New York, reveals the tender solicitude which he felt for those absent members of his flock, and after peace was declared no one rejoiced more than he over the return of the soldiers.

Notwithstanding the meagreness of his salary, this "farmer minister" and his estimable helpmeet managed by diligent industry and strict economy to bring up and educate eight children, and in 1797 he built for himself a new house, quite near to the old one, which he left for his son Joseph at the time of his marriage. This was removed about fifty years ago to the spot where it now stands, east of the house formed by the largest portion of the Haven Tavern.

It was in 1783 that "the church voted to have the psalm read line by line at the communion table." In

1790 "the church chose Mr. John Stow, and Mr. Vashni Heminway to assist in leading the singers in performing that part of divine service in the congregation." In February, 1791, "voted to begin to sing Dr. Watt's version of the Psalms with his Hymns, the first Sabbath in March next, provided there be no objections lodged with the pastor, from the congregation before that time," and "some conversation had about the expediency of having a bass viol in the congregation." In 1798 "Captain Knowlton, who had served for many years as chorister, desired that some others might be chosen to lead in the singing." The church considered his request and invited the congregation, and the singers in particular "to join in the choice of some suitable persons to lead in the singing." The persons chosen were Dr. Paul Dean, Mr. Shepherd Pratt and Mr. Ebenezer Drury.

Those were Shrewsbury's palmy days, when in the majesty of his full white wig and muslin bands Mr. Sumner looked down upon his audience from the great white pulpit, which was roomy enough for half the ministers in the county. It was reached by a flight of stairs from the aisle below and entered by a door which the minister could close and fasten. A sounding board hung over him as he preached, to send his solemn words to every ear, and above all, the representation of a flame of fire, typified the aspirations of the soul and the ascent of the prayers to Heaven. Such an audience has never been gathered in Shrewsbury since those days. Every

family in town was represented. There were men whose titles gave evidence of the worth they had been to their country, and, magnificent in their queues and powdered hair, their lace ruffles, velvet breeches and silver shoe buckles, they bore themselves with great dignity, waiting upon the quaintly dressed ladies in high-heeled slippers



DR. SUMNER.

and huge poke bonnets, showing them into the different pews, some turning one way and some another through the various aisles, in the most delightful, orderly confusion.

Before the minister and almost beneath his eyes was the deacon's seat and the pew for the elderly and the

deaf. At the right sat Dr. Edward Flint, the army surgeon. Nearer yet was the Sumner family pew, where the beneficent madam sat with kindly grace among her children, and where after the service was over, the minister joined them and together they walked down the broad aisle, the congregation respectfully standing until they had passed out. At the left of the pulpit was Luther Goddard the watchmaker, who after a time, left the preaching of Dr. Sumner, became a Baptist and turned preacher himself. General Ward and his wife came in at the south porch, taking their seats on the west of the broad aisle. Captain Nathan Howe had a conspicuous seat in front, near the pulpit. He was an officer at Lake George in the French War, and also commanded a company at Dorchester when the earthworks were thrown up in the night which sent the British out of Boston.

Daniel Heminway, the meeting-house builder, sat in the southwest corner and with him his son Vashni, the town clerk, and this is where he stood to read the marriage bans.

Deacon Benjamin Goddard's pew was at the left of the pulpit near the northeast corner of the house. It was on a Sunday afternoon, February twenty-fourth, 1799, while he was listening to one of Mr. Sumner's soul-stirring sermons that two of his children left at home took a lighted candle and went into the cellar to get some apples to eat. There was straw in the cellar,

and Artemas, a little fellow not yet four years old, thought it would burn and make a pretty sight ; one touch of the candle and all was in a blaze, the frightened children ran out and were saved, but the house and most of its contents were burned when Deacon Goddard reached the spot after the service was over. Deacon Goddard was the great-grandfather of the present Henry L. Goddard. In one of the pews sat Dr. Crosby, one of Shrewsbury's first physicians, and a distinguished army surgeon. In the great middle pew on the west side was Captain Levi Pease, the veteran stage driver and his wife, dignified as a duchess.

Mrs. Sally Henshaw came in taking her seat on the east side, every one turning to see her handsome face and fine gown made in Boston. Sheriff Ward and his wife sat on the south side ; she is said to have been the handsomest girl that went a shopping in Worcester, and he the strongest man in all the region. A union of manly strength and womanly beauty rarely seen.

Near the eastern entrance was Henry Baldwin, the keeper of Baldwin Tavern, with his wife and aged mother, Mrs. Mary Jones, who was bright and brisk as a girl, and there listening to the sermon every Sunday, though near her one hundredth birthday. In the next pews were Col. Seth Wyman and Deacon Wheelock. Mr. Sam Haven, the tavern keeper, sat next to the door on the south side of the aisle. On the west side was Mrs. Rebecca Symmes, lovely with her white hair and

English ways. Her husband, who was an officer in the Revolution, died during that period, and she boarded with Mr. Joseph Nourse. On New Year's day, 1790, she was published for marriage to the Rev. Ebenezer Morse of the North Precinct (now Boylston) but as she was a widow of an American soldier, and he a rank tory, objections were made to the marriage by her friends, and she always after remained the "Widow Symmes."

In Dr. Sumner's latter days his son Joseph and his family occupied a pew near the south door. One Sunday a current of air passing through the church was keenly felt by the aged minister, and no one, not even the tithing-man, seemed to notice his discomfort. After waiting in vain for some time, hoping for relief and getting none, he called out in a decided tone to one of Joseph's sons—"James, shut that door." The youthful and obedient James, with those keen eyes upon him, loitered not though the eyes of half the congregation were upon him also.

The following account is taken from an old journal written in 1815. "Sunday August 12th. This day in the afternoon a young turkey was driven into the church, and it by degrees flew on to the Pulpit beside Dr. Sumner while he was at prayer, and without any noise stood upon the Bible with as little concern as it would have done on the ground. Thus it stood while he baptised Mr. Gill's child by the name of Henry Baldwin. When we sat down to sing the last tune it left the Pulpit and

went on to the Beam over Dea. Goddard's pew, all this, except when he first came in the house, and until we were dismissed, was without one peep or noise from the turkey."

From Mr. Sumner's Journal—"April 1792. According to a Vote of the town of Shrewsbury, the three hinder seats in the meeting house were taken up & six pews built which sold for about 140 pounds, beside the Gift building, which is to remain as a fund the Interest of which is to be appropriated for the support of the Gospel."

It was during Dr. Sumner's pastorate that the dark clouds of doctrinal controversy arose in New England. But he was at all times for peace, and never engaged in strife, so through the storm he stood quietly firm, preaching the peace of the Gospel. His life among the Shrewsbury people appears to have been blameless, though he had a humble opinion of his own merits. When eighty-two years old he writes, "I wish to cultivate a submissive spirit." The whole of his journal shows not only a submissive spirit, but sensitive nature and a forgiving disposition. When the town, feeling its own poverty, refused to make any consideration on account of the depreciation in the value of continental money, which reduced his salary one-half, he says pathetically "What is providentially taken from me I can possibly submit to, but what is unjustly detained by those I have exerted myself to serve, wounds one."

To obtain a clear idea of the grandeur and beauty of his character one should read his published Memoir and Journal. In the latter his affectionate nature shines out when he speaks of his anxious, sleepless nights, when any trouble touched his children or when anything came between him and his "dear people."

Forty-seven years after his marriage death took his beloved wife, his "amiable consort" of whom he writes, "Her domestic virtues were equalled by few, excelled by none; her piety was exemplary." It is probable that in the history of the town no man's influence has been so healthful, so widespread and so enduring as that of Dr. Sumner. For sixty-two years he held the foremost place among this people, and those years included the most eventful time in the Nation's history.

It was late in life that the degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon him. This was done in 1814 by Yale College and also about the same time by Columbia College, S. C. At that time there was but one other minister in the vicinity who had received the like distinction; this was the Rev. Aaron Bancroft of Worcester.

Dr. Bancroft and Dr. Sumner were warm friends and they made a solemn compact, that the one who survived should preach the funeral sermon of the other. This sad duty fell to Dr. Bancroft who in his eulogy said—"During all the trials and conflicts of a long life, he was distinguished for cheerfulness and other social

qualities, but these were chastened by a quick sense of propriety. He could blend the agreeableness and affability of the companion, with the seriousness of the minister, the purity of the Christian, and the respectability of the man. Not easily provoked he knew what was due to his character, and he secured respect from all." At his death there was great mourning, for a great man had gone, a pure and blameless life had passed from earth. The pastor that the people had asked God to choose for them had been to them all that they could desire. When we consider his life, grand in its gentleness and godliness, we cannot wonder that the influence of that life moulded the characters of the children who grew up under his teachings and that it left its royal stamp upon them.

Dr. Sumner left his farm to his son Erastus, who died in 1858, and was the father of Mr. George Sumner of Worcester, the present owner, who has fitted up the house in the style of his grandfather's time and occupies it as his summer residence. The place where the old house stood is now a smooth, beautiful lawn, and one looks out of the same narrow windows now, that the Doctor looked from in his last days, and sees his great-grandchildren playing tennis under the shade of the elms where he used to walk and meditate, and perhaps decide upon the subjects for the next Sunday's discourses.

The following description is taken from the Memoir of

Dr. Sumner published by his grandson Mr. George Sumner. "The house in which Dr. Sumner passed his declining years, and where he breathed his last, is preserved substantially in the form in which it was built ninety years ago, presenting a correct type of a well-to-do New England Home of the last century. In the interior, the original pieces of furniture occupy the same places and all the details of household arrangement are maintained as far as is practicable, as they were in the time of the first occupant. The family living room contains the 'turn-up' bed where Dr. Sumner took final leave of his family and sorrowing friends; the desk where his sermons were composed, surmounted by a small bookcase, supposed to be sufficient for his entire library, from which 'he drew his inspiration;' and the original sofa, chairs and other furniture returned to their places, some of them after an absence of many years of duty among the different descendants in distant parts. The tall eight-day clock still ticks the time correctly. The portraits on the walls and other relics have each their appropriate place.

"The veritable 'best room,' with the regulation appointments and oaken floor; and the kitchen, well furnished with articles now curious but once useful, all in their proper places may here be seen. In the chambers are curtained beds, and high cases of drawers, and in the 'ideal' garret are the various wheels, large and small, high and low, with hand reels, clock reels,

hatchels, cards and divers articles considered indispensable to a well regulated minister's family of the period. Everything from cellar to roof in the old mansion remains solid and substantial, and if no calamity befalls them, are equal to another hundred years of service."

In Dr. Sumner's old age the duties attendant upon a large parish became so arduous that he requested the church to provide an assistant. The first man chosen to this office was the Rev. Samuel B. Ingersoll, who preached one Sabbath, was taken sick and never preached again, dying in about four weeks. In Sept., 1821, the Rev. Edwards Whipple was ordained; he preached one year with the exception of one Sabbath, and died very suddenly. And so until 1823 Dr. Sumner had little relief from his labors. At that time Rev. George Allen, an able man and thorough scholar, was settled as colleague. The next year the death of Dr. Sumner occurred and Mr. Allen was left in possession of the pulpit.

There were some customs in the early days which were tolerated as things are apt to be in new communities, and the people becoming habituated to them think them not strange. Some of these struck Mr. Allen as being out of character with the time and place of their enactment, and he sought to institute a few reforms. It had been the practice at funerals to have toddy for the bearers, and while the mourners were being comforted in the parlor, the toddy was being made in the kitchen, the toddy stick being sometimes heard in the

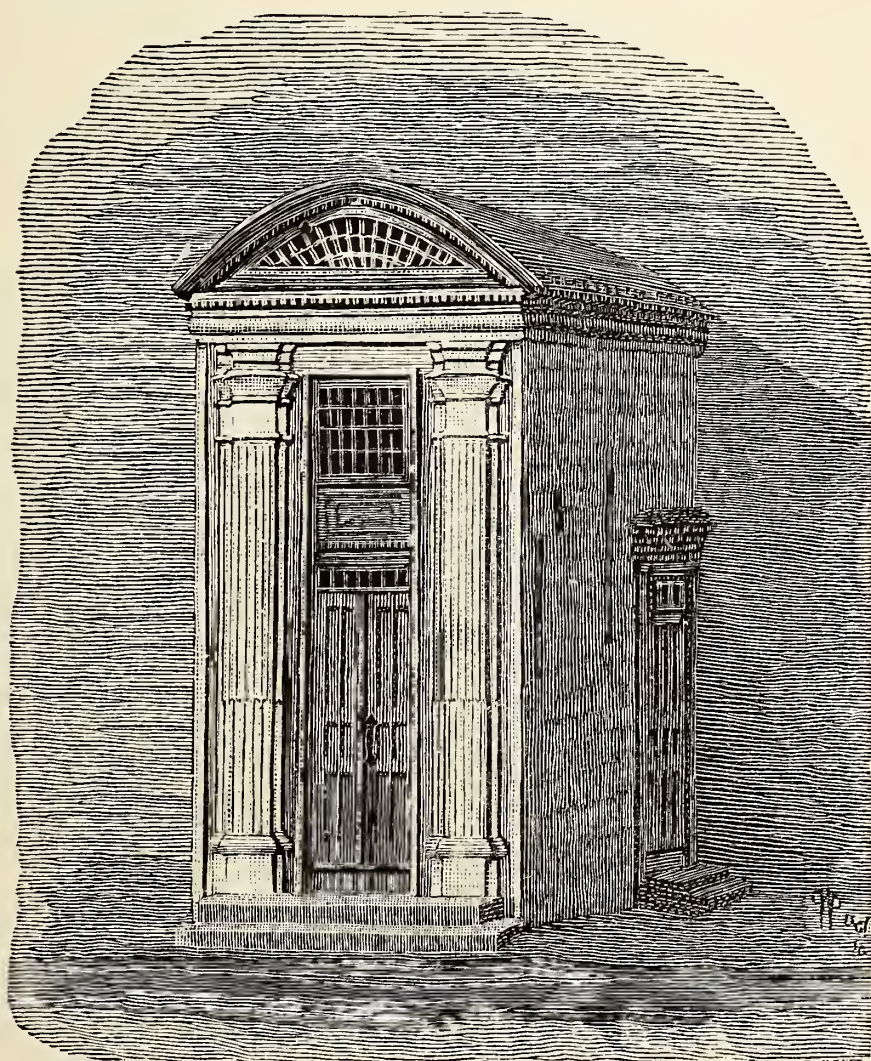
parlor. Mr. Allen being annoyed by such a singular disturbance, resolved to put an end to the practice, whereupon at the next funeral when the toddy sticks began to twirl, Mr. Allen stopped the service and suddenly making his appearance in the kitchen, ordered the proceedings to come to an end, and never to be renewed on such an occasion. It is said to be a fact, the toddy thus dismissed appeared no more at Shrewsbury funerals.

Fearless in his reformatory efforts he then attacked another annoyance, and again success followed his efforts. This time it was to get rid of the church-going dogs, who did not always exhibit that reverence for the place which was becoming. Mr. Allen and the tithing-man, Mr. Maynard, being of the same mind, agreed that a certain quarrelsome dog should be present but once more, and Mr. Maynard was to be ready with his stick on the next Sunday morning. Mr. Ben Stone was deaf and sat in the pew for the deaf near the pulpit. On the Sunday of which we are telling he was sitting with his head resting on his hand, oblivious to all things but the sermon, when the tithing-man with quick step and raised stick came swiftly on after the unhappy little dog that had just been discovered in some roguishness for which his fate was sealed; and instinct told him so, as he fled down the aisles, up the aisles and through the cross aisles before the dreadful, uplifted stick. Balch Dean, the dog's master, seeing the trouble of his pet and

being anxious for his safety, opened the door of his pew; the dog understood, but dared not linger to make the turn. Round and round he ran again and the tithing-man was upon him as he passed old Mr. Stone, the raised stick came down with tremendous force not on the offending, hunted little dog, but upon the arm of the poor deaf man who had not noticed the disturbance, and received the blow with some surprise. Down the aisle leaped the dog toward the open door, and after him rushed the tithing-man whose next blow sent him yelping out the door. That dog's master left him in the protection of home ever after on Sundays, and other dogs' masters followed his example. By such object lessons did Parson Allen seek to tone down the rough ways which had descended from pioneer times.

In 1807 the west porch was taken away and the steeple built. The bell was brought to town September 26, of that year, and raised to position the same day. Whether the jubilant ringing in celebration of the event injured the bell the records do not say, but May 17, the next year, it was returned to Brookfield to be recast, brought back the 28th of May and elevated to its place of honor again. The west porch was purchased by Lyman Howe and attached to his dwelling-house, which is now owned by Mr. George Buck. The porch is in good repair and the arched ceiling as imposing as when Lyman Howe in his boyhood passed through and sat in the square pew just inside the door, with his father Gideon.

Inexorable Fashion holds sway in the small corners of the world as well as in the large centres, and the people on Shrewsbury hill were not exempt from her despotism. The old people who in their youth had built the meeting-house, and looked with harmless pride upon it, were all gone ; and the old minister who had dedicated it to

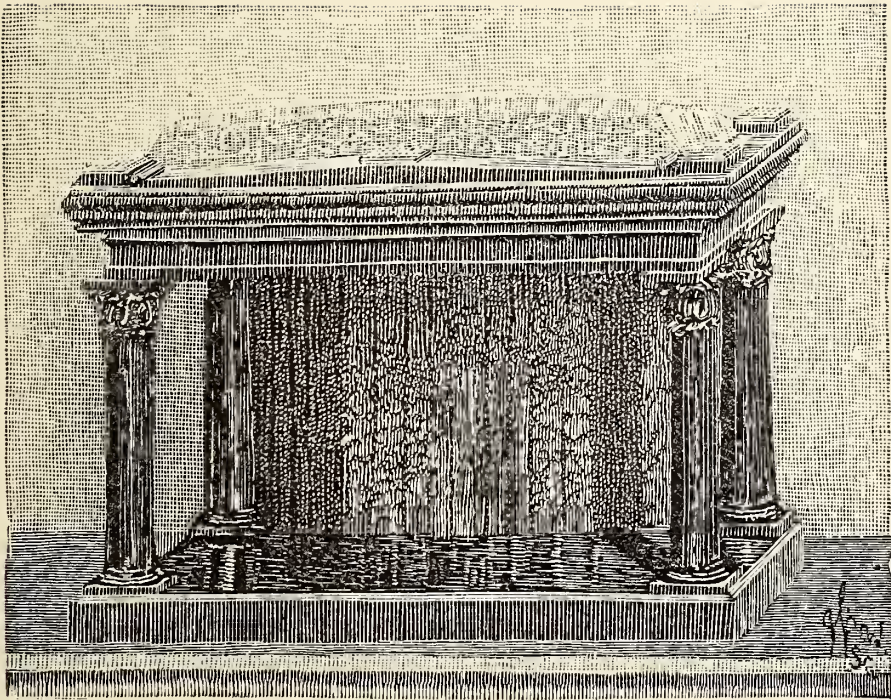


THE SOUTH PORCH.

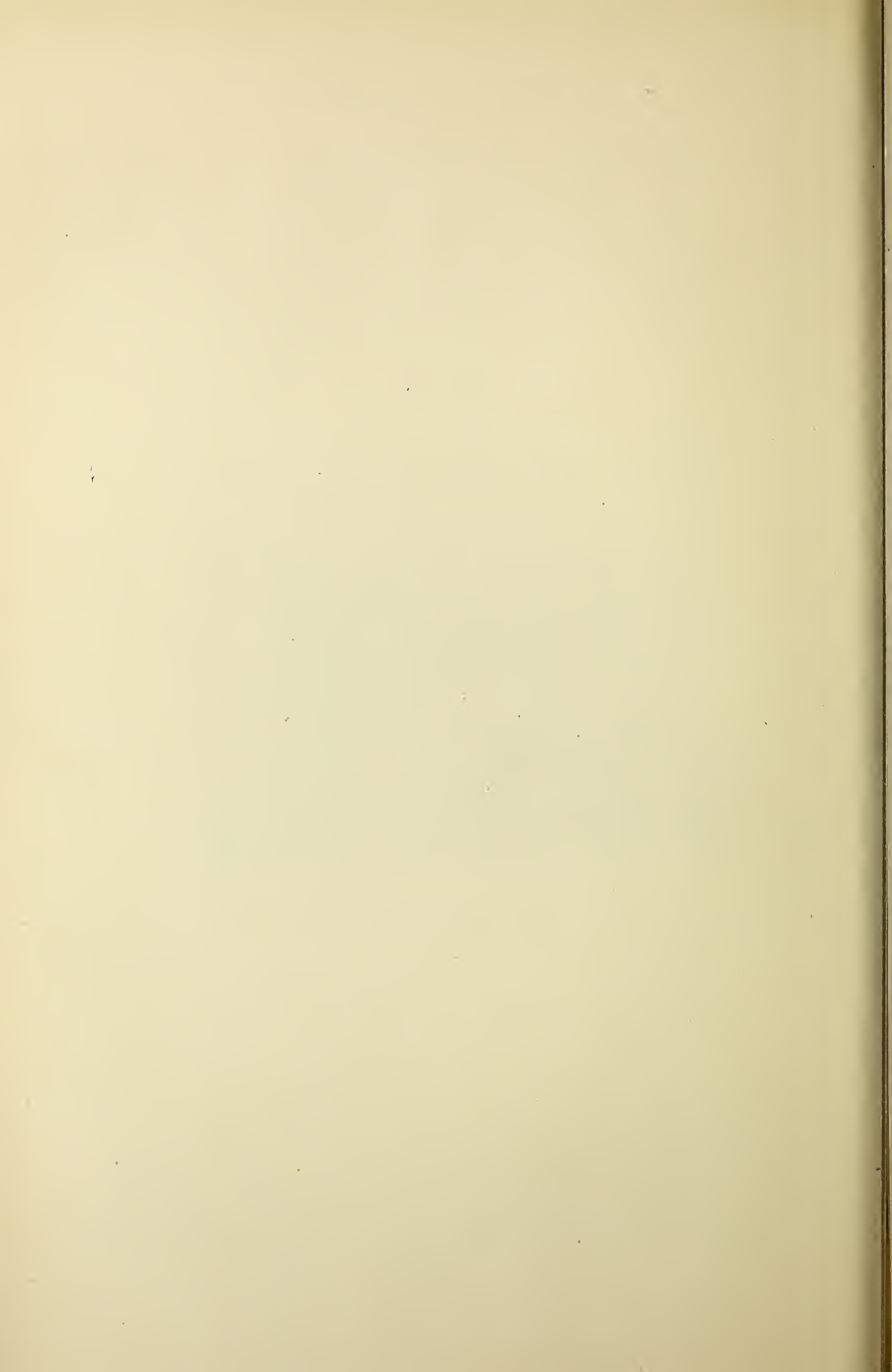
the worship of God, had gone also. The new generation was longing for something different if not better, and so in 1834 they pulled out the square pews and the white pulpit with the sounding-board, and turned the building about, making the steeple face the south, as it

now does. The eastern porch was moved to South Shrewsbury by Mr. Levi Newton and made a part of his dwelling house, which was burned a few years ago. The large south porch was bought by Mr. Charles E. Miles for twelve dollars and a half and taken to his farm (now owned by Mr. Silas Howe) to be used as a workshop. He afterwards sold it to Mr. Daniel Noyes, who attached it to his house on the Goulding Hill road, where it now stands, somewhat changed both by time and the carpenter.

The meeting-house was raised and the vestry built underneath at this time. In place of the square pews and the interesting, intersecting six or more aisles, they made two long straight aisles and four rows of long straight pews with the owner's name on each. The names were in gilt letters upon a black plate and each pew was numbered in the same way; consequently no one could mistake his seat and "get into the wrong pew," but could sit down, turn the brass button of the little door, and feel that he and his family were shut out from the world and for an hour or two free from all intrusion. The handsome mahogany pulpit with its crimson plush cushion and silk draperies was designed by Rev. George Allen and was the object of great interest to the adjoining towns who sent their delegates to see it. Being made in Framingham and brought home late on Saturday night, it was put in place on Sabbath morning, the day when the first service was to



MR. ALLEN'S PULPIT



be held after the remodelling of the meeting-house. Mr. Allen hearing of it refused to hold service there because the labor had been performed on the Lord's day and the people repaired to "the hall" as usual.

In the "Religious Magazine" of that time there is a long description of it by the Rev. Jacob Abbott, of which the following is an extract: "It is a beautiful pier table, placed upon a platform a little elevated above the congregation, and more perfectly corresponds with our idea of what a pulpit should be than anything else we have ever seen. There is an air of ease and elegance about it which we have never before seen in the most costly specimens of pulpit architecture." And the writer goes on to say that "the society in Shrewsbury must be of more than ordinary intelligence, to adopt a pulpit of such grace and beauty."

Mr. Allen closed his labors here in 1840 and removed to Worcester, where he spent the remainder of his life. Much of interest might be written of the words and works of the worthy successors of Dr. Sumner in the church here, some of whom are going on with their labors in other places, "and some are fallen asleep."

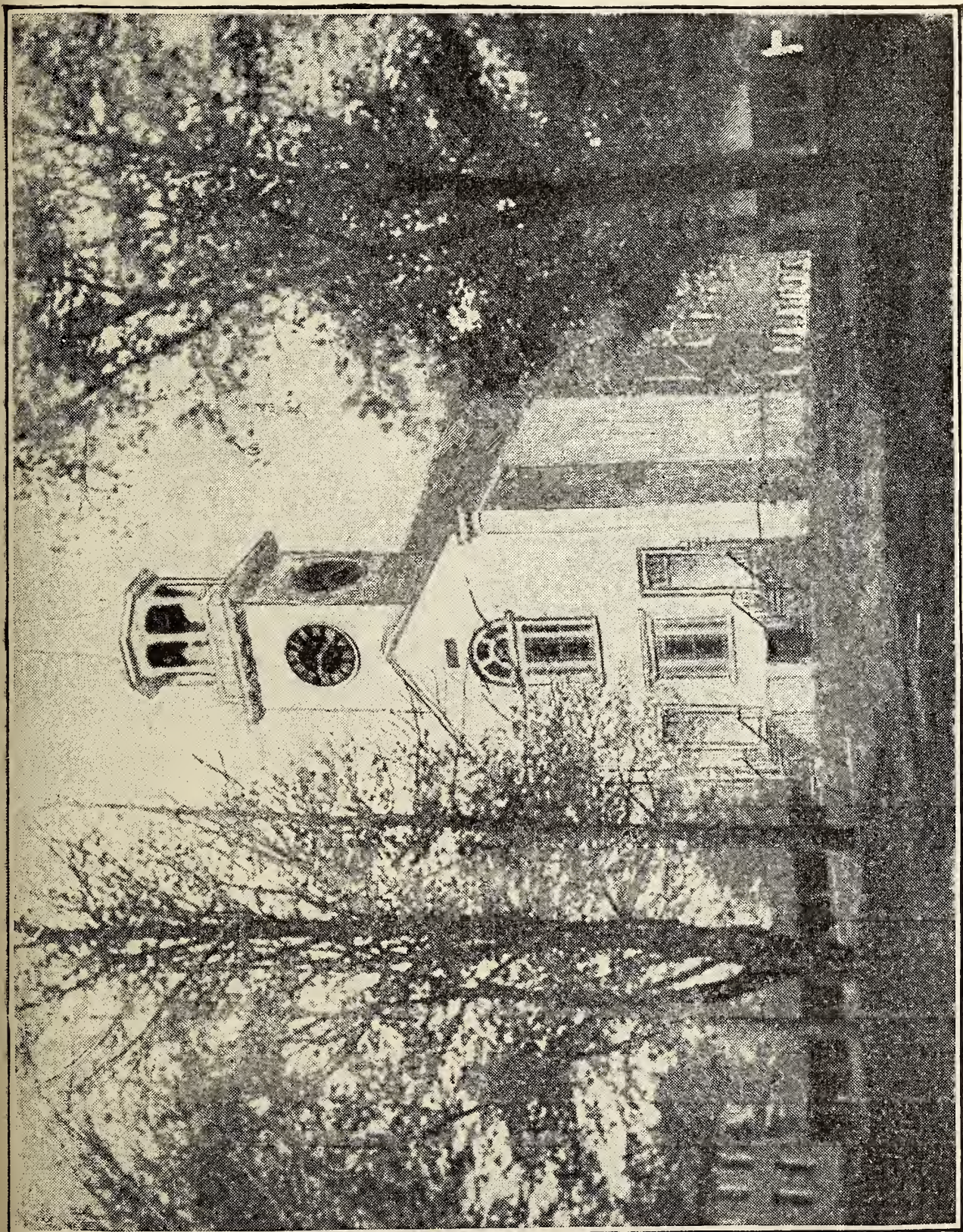
When the church was raised, in 1834, the vestry built below was furnished partly with what was cast off from the old church. The pillars that supported the gallery were put in the vestry to support the floor above and the white pulpit was put there for a time and then consigned to oblivion. To this room the thoughts of

Shrewsbury's absent ones must often turn, for it was here that the people met for instruction, for business and for pleasure. From this place the prayers of the church have gone up ; here the Sunday School has been taught almost since its commencement.

Until the town hall was built, in 1872, the town meetings were held here, and bakers sold buns and gingerbread to the hungry voters. Such fairs were never held in town as we have known in that vestry ; and long ago the Lyceum meetings were held here, and deep and important questions considered settled by Shrewsbury's youthful brains. One needs but to mention singing schools, spelling schools and choir rehearsals, to bring up a troop of pleasant memories to many minds. This, too, was the place for lectures and some eminent men have made the walls resound with their eloquence.

It was in this vestry that John B. Gough gave his first temperance lecture and the people turned out in large numbers to hear him. It was then and there that he first saw the young lady who afterward became his wife. Years after, when he had become the most noted temperance lecturer in the world; he told this story to an audience gathered in the same room, this time at a banquet given in his honor when he had delivered a lecture for the benefit of the Public Library.

Another renowned man also honored this room with his first speech. In 1850 Mr. George F. Hoar, then a young man just entering public life, was requested to



THE CHURCH IN 1892.

address the Shrewsbury people upon the "Fugitive Slave Law," the great topic that was then being agitated. He came and made his first political speech, and he says that when he had finished, Mr. Ward told him that he "handled that subject very well." No one can doubt the truth of that remark, for it is an undisputed fact that the Honorable George F. Hoar handles all subjects well.

Of the recent alterations and renovations in the old church some other pen must tell. Could the men who raised the frame in 1766 stand within it in 1892, they would look with some surprise upon the neatly frescoed walls and the organ sounding out the tunes they used to hold in too great reverence to be touched by any mere machine. More astonished still would they be to feel the heat coming up through holes in the floor upon a cold winter day. Yet not more strange would it seem to them than it would to the Shrewsbury people of to-day, could they be carried back a century or more and see the quaint picture of Doctor Sumner in his long, black gown and full, white wig, preaching in the great, white pulpit with the sounding-board overhead.

OTHER PEOPLE AND INCIDENTS.

THE town was all astir one morning in April, 1786, when the news flew abroad that a burglary had been committed in the night in three different houses. The penalty for this crime was death by hanging; and a deed so bold as this, done in the usually quiet village, caused no little excitement. The burglar, who proved to be a negro by the name of Johnson Green, was arrested the next day after a search in the surrounding woods by several parties of men, and was brought before General Ward to whom he confessed his crime and he was committed to the Worcester "Gaol." The spoils he obtained that night are thus recorded—
"He stole from Mr. Baldwin 1 pair of shoes one pair of silver Buckles 1 furstin jaccot two all wool Do. one shirt cotton and linnen, one Bottle of New England rum, two Cakes of Gingerbread, 21 coat and jaccot Buttons and four or five shillings in cash—from Mr. Farrar one pair of boots one pair of Shoes, 1 pair of Shoe Buckles silver one pair of Sizars 20 or 30 Coppers a remnant of black Sattin lasting one linnen pocket handkerchief—from Mr.

Wyman about fifteen or Sixteen Shillings in Cash part Silver & part Copper. He confessed he broak up and Stole all the above articles except the bottle of Ginn—The three above houses he broak up in one night.”

Strong and Lincoln acted as his counsel at the trial in Worcester, April 18, 1786, Benjamin Heywood of Shrewsbury being one of the jury. At the trial he gave an account of his wicked deeds; he was then twenty-nine years of age but began to steal when only twelve years old, his first theft being four cakes of gingerbread and six biscuits. Not being discovered in this, he was encouraged to go on until at last he met his doom. His confession was as follows :

“I Johnson Green having brought myself to a shameful and ignominious death by my wicked conduct, and as I am a dying man I leave to the world the following history of my birth, education and various practices, hoping that all people will take warning by my evil example and shun vice and follow virtue.” Then follows a minute account of his career ending with the Shrewsbury burglary, and said that he also “stole one pair of thread stockings at Lyons just beyond said Wymans and then hid myself in the woods where I lay till the next day, and at evening set off toward Boston, was arrested by a guard placed by a bridge in the edge of Westboro.”

He was sentenced to be executed the next June, but breaking Gaol he escaped and followed for a short time

his favorite pastime, of house-breaking, when he was again arrested and again escaped, practiced still further his unlawful pursuits, and was again arrested on the very day originally set for his execution. On the 17th of August, 1786, he was hung in Worcester for the "atrocious crime of burglary."

Captain Nathan Howe used to relate a story which is supposed to refer to this same Green. When the Captain was at West Point there was a negro there who was sentenced by a court-martial to be whipped for stealing officers' rations. When the punishment was about to be inflicted, the officer having charge of it told the negro, after he had been tied up by his thumbs to a post, that if he would ask pardon of the gentlemen officers present they would forgive him, and the punishment might be remitted. The culprit peeked out under his arms to the right and left and said "I don't see any gentlemen officers here," and in truth there were no officers present except the Captain of the provost guard who from the very nature of his duties was not a favorite with the soldiers, certainly not with such of them as he most had to do with. "Then," said the Captain to the man who was to do the whipping, "lay on to the rascal," and the poor fellow got a much severer punishment than he would but for his witty reply to the offer of pardon. As Green himself told in the story of his life of having been in the Revolutionary War and at West Point, he is undoubtedly the one who was whipped.

When Ross Wyman came here in 1749, he purchased of Abram Eager one hundred and sixty acres of land with the buildings thereon. The farm contains a pretty sheet of water where he built a dam and a mill. Being a gun maker and a blacksmith by trade he built his shops near the mill and practiced his various callings as occasion required. On the opposite side of the road from these buildings and the old house, he erected a new house which still stands, occupied by his descendants, and is in excellent repair, being no mean representation of the architecture of those times. It seems to have been more carefully put together, more pains taken to have the beams that show in the rooms, nicely finished and laid straight and even at both ends, than the "scribe and tumble rule" usually demanded. This house, though not called a tavern, had its bar-room and was kept open to the public.

Ross Wyman was a zealous patriot and in league with every scheme that was for the good of the colonists. At a convention of blacksmiths held in Worcester September 21st, 1774, he was chosen chairman. They resolved that they would not do any blacksmith work for the Tories nor for any one in their employ, nor for any one who had not signed the non-consumptive agreement, and requested all denominations of artificers to call meetings of their craftsmen and adopt like measures. "The recommendations and resolves of this and other like conventions, were received as laws duly

enacted and were enforced with a promptitude and zeal that nothing could withstand." The non-consumptive agreement referred to was a resolution adopted by the 1st Provincial Congress assembled in Cambridge on October 21st, 1774, and was recommending "the total disuse of India teas in this Province, and to the several towns to choose Committees to post in some public place the names of all such in their respective towns who shall sell or consume so extravagant and unnecessary an article of luxury." We are told that it was in Ross Wyman's bar-room that some of the young men gathered one night and burned all the tea they could collect in town, to show how they felt about the tea tax.

At the commencement of the Revolutionary War, Gen. Ward requested this patriotic blacksmith to make a gun for him of sufficient strength to pitch an Englishman over his head. He made it to order and of horse nail stubs, a real kings-arm and an excellent weapon. It disappeared many years ago and its whereabouts is now unknown. Ross Wyman had a clear head and a strong arm, and a story is told of him in this wise :

Being at one time in Boston and ready to start for home with a load of provisions, he came near being seized and carried off by a press gang from a British man-of-war. Resolutely defending himself, he at length snatched up a cod-fish, and, with both hands in the gills, he beat them off by slapping their faces with its slimy tail. Being more than a match for them with his cod-

fish he tried the same weapon at another time. He was again returning from Boston and on Saturday stopped at Wayland to spend the night and the Sabbath. It was winter time, and he was with his sleigh; the weather grew warm in the night and the early morning showed that the sleighing would not last until Monday. Fearing delay would be dangerous he started at daylight and drove on without interruption until he came to Sudbury, when in passing the house of a magistrate, he, in the dignity of his office came out with two other men to stop him according to the law and custom of the times that no one should travel on the Lord's day. Then the cod-fish came into use again, and again was victorious and Ross reached home triumphant! His patriotic and daring spirit was doubtless inherited from his father, Seth Wyman of Woburn, who distinguished himself in the famous "Lovewell's fight." This event took a greater hold on the feelings of the people than any conflict with the Indians since King Philip's war, and furnished a theme for fireside tales and heroic songs, until the Battle of Bunker Hill and the war that followed gave rise to stories that eclipsed those of Capt. Lovewell and his men fighting against the dusky Paugus and his savage warriors.

Ross Wyman lived to be quite an old man. In Dr. Flint's journal we find this entry. "Nov. 3d, 1807. Mr. Ross Wyman visited our belfry, heard the bell ring, went to the long pond, viewed the bridge and the new

road, and was highly gratified. In his 91st year, attended by eight men."

"July 13, 1808, Mr. Wyman buried."

"Dec. 8, 1808, Mrs. Wyman buried."

On this same farm and a few rods up the hill by the roadside, half a mile from the Northboro line, is a spot where a few years ago stood a small one-story house which was also of Revolutionary date, and has been known as the "old Alexander house." James Alexander was a Scotchman, and a deserter from Burgoyne's army when the army marched through this town in 1786 on its way to Boston. He strolled away from his company and found his way into Dr. Sumner's barn, where he slept on the hay-mow and was discovered by the Rev. Dr. in the morning, who took him into the house, gave him a breakfast, and admiring his intelligence and evident desire for other employment than that of marching with a defeated army, gave him an opportunity of working at his trade and making shoes for his family, offering the amount of his salary in paper money, if he would keep them well shod.

Later he moved into the small house where his family grew up and there he made shoes for the neighborhood, doing the nicest work. He proved to be a good citizen and lived until 1841 in the house on the Wyman farm, making all kinds of foot covering from the heaviest boot to the lightest dancing slippers.

A brief account of the Lovewell fight may be of in-

terest here as the event is so intimately connected with a Shrewsbury family and with the early history of the country.

In the Autumn of 1724 the inhabitants of the frontier towns on the Merrimac river, being dissatisfied with the manner of carrying on the War with the Indians, wished to adopt offensive measures. Accordingly a company of 87 soldiers was organized, of which John Lovewell was Captain. A petition was sent to the Legislature in which they say—"That if said company may be allowed five shillings per day in case they kill any enemy Indians, and possesse their Scalp they will employ in Indian Hunting one whole year, and if they do not within that time kill any, they are content to be allowed nothing for their wages, time and trouble." This petition was granted, changing the bounty into £100 for every scalp taken during one year. "Capt. Lovewell was a brave and adventurous officer, and stimulated by this offer, he immediately took the field and led his company on towards the dwelling-place of the Pequaketts, who resided within the territory now forming the towns of Fryeburg, Maine, and Conway, N. H."

On the 29th of January, 1724, they mustered and started on their expedition from Dunstable, travelling a few miles each day and camping where night found them, sending out scouts and sometimes seeing and killing an Indian. Through the cold months and in the snow they marched, until the men became footsore,

and coming in the latter part of February to Newington, Maine, they went on board a sloop bound for Boston, where they arrived March 10th. About the middle of April they started out again, this time with only 46 men and marched to Saweco river, then to Pigwacket, where they found Paugus and his men and had the famous battle. It was on the 8th of May, and the killing of an Indian early in the day brought out numbers from Ambush and 10 o'clock the attack was made. At the first volley Capt. Lovewell and Ensign Robbins were mortally wounded, but supporting themselves by trees they fired upon the enemy until their strength failed and "Capt. Lovewell's gun was cocked and presented when he was past speaking." With the fall of the brave Captain, Ensign Wyman took command and "through the rest of that eventful day, by his prudent management and courageous example he was doubtless under God instrumental in preserving so many from being cut off, the enemy being more than double their number." "Seeing them become dispirited, he animated them to action, assuring them that the day would be theirs if their spirits did not flag, which so encouraged them that several discharged their muskets between twenty and thirty times apiece." Thirty-three men entered the engagement in the morning and at night twenty-one were left.

For his valor Ensign Wyman was commissioned Captain by Lt. Gov. Dumner and was presented with a

silver hilted sword as an assurance of the public approbation. He soon started out again with a company under his command, but the heat of summer carried sickness into his camp which resulted in the death of many, among them brave Captain Wyman himself. He died on the fifth of September, 1725, at the age of thirty-nine.

Shrewsbury never suffered from Indian invasion and depredation like the earlier and frontier towns and consequently has no tales of Indian warfare connected with its history and no romantic legendary lore, but among the families whose ancestors struggled with the foe and lost their lives in the defence of their liberties we find the name of Hapgood, originally Habgood. The earliest Habgood in this country came from England in 1656, arriving in Boston in July of that year. This Shadrach Habgood married in Sudbury, 1664, Elizabeth Treadway, daughter of the landowner Nathaniel Treadway, whose name was attached to the Shrewsbury grants long before the land received its present name. He was living in Sudbury when the war with King Philip came on and was one of the company of twenty mounted men sent by the government to treat with the Indians and prevent the war if possible. They proceeded to visit Brookfield, here fell into an ambush and were suddenly surrounded by two or three hundred Indians who killed eight of their number and mortally wounded three others. Among the murdered was Shadrach Hapgood.

This was in 1675. Captain Thomas Hapgood, who was son of Shadrach, Nov. 12, 1703, petitioned the General Court for an allowance, alleging that "he having in 1690 been detached into the service against the Indian enemy, was engaged in the bloody fight near Oyster River, N. H., wherein Capt. Noah Wiswell and divers others were slain and wounded : that he there had his left arm broken and his right hand much shot so that he endured great pain and narrowly escaped with his life ; that he was thereby very much disabled for labour and getting his livelihood : forced to sell what stock he had acquired before being wounded, to maintain himself since, and that in the fight he was necessitated to leave and lose his arms with which he was well furnished at his own charge. The Court granted him £5." He and his brother Nathaniel began life with considerable means, and became owners of large tracts of land, in Marlboro; and eighty acres of the land granted to Isaac Johnson, lying within the present limits of Shrewsbury; were purchased by Thomas, who bequeathed the same to his son Captain Thomas, who settled thereon in 1725; he became a leading man here and served as selectman seven years. He married Damaris Hutchins, and from them descended all of the name in Shrewsbury.

Daniel Heminway was a famous church builder; he framed the Shrewsbury meeting-house, the old South in Worcester and the one in Northboro where the Rev.

Peter Whitney long officiated, besides many other public buildings. "He was a warm patriot in the time of the Revolution, one of the strong men of the town," and a member of the third Provincial Congress, where he did important work on various committees, one of which was to purchase arms for the use of the army, for which service he received £4 8s. Another was to "procure stores for depositing fish for the use of the Colony." He was also a delegate from this town to the Convention that framed the Constitution of the Commonwealth. He came here from Framingham and died in 1794 aged 75.

Vashni Heminway son of Daniel, was a joiner by trade. He was a representative to the General Court several years and for twenty-two years held the office of town clerk.

One of the duties of the town clerk was to publish the marriage bans. This was required by law, that any person might object if he knew just cause why the marriage should not be. There were two ways of publishing the bans, those concerned choosing the one which they preferred. A written notice of the matrimonial intention was posted in some public place, or they must be "cried off" in church; the latter was considered in best style. The Sabbath service being over, as the congregation was dispersing, the town clerk called the attention of the people by his loud "Oyez! Oyez! Oyez!" and read the notice. This was done three Sundays

in succession, and if there were no objections offered, there was a wedding soon. If the more quiet way was preferred, the notice was posted beside the church door in a conspicuous place where it would not fail to be observed by all who entered. As it was a matter of some curiosity to know who was to be married in the village, few passed in without reading. Three weeks was the allotted time for this also. One spirited Shrewsbury girl who was published to marry a townsman, heard just in time that the family of her intended did not desire her as an addition to their circle. The next Sunday when she entered the south porch, she quickly stepped aside to the place where the notice was posted, tore it down and crumpling it in her hands threw it on the floor, crushing it still more with the high heel of her shoe, and then with sparkling eyes and a toss of her head went on and took her seat. It is needless to say that the wedding did not take place. When Vashni Heminway was to be married he outwitted all the gossips. He posted his own intentions at the proper time and usual place in the south porch, covering it with a notice to those who had dogs to take care of them during the church service and not let them get troublesome.

His bans were published in this way for three weeks and no one was the wiser but himself and a certain girl who was spinning for Mrs. Sumner. When the three weeks were over Vashni walked into Dr. Sumner's house one day, in his working clothes, not even remov-

Marriage is solemnized between
Timothy Heaps of Portland &
Elizabeth Wicks of Newbury
Newbury Mass } Attest
Jan 29. 1873 } Town Clerk

FACSIMILE OF MARRIAGE NOTICE.

ing his leather apron, and told the Rev. Doctor that he had come to be married to the girl spinning in his kitchen. She was called in and the ceremony performed forthwith—after a satisfactory explanation had been made.

The following was copied from a genuine marriage notice that was posted more than a century ago, the torn ends of the paper showing where the nails held it :

Marriage is intended between Timothy Keyes of Rutland & Prudence Wilder of Shrewsbury.

Shrewsbury	}	Artemas Ward,
Jan ^y ye 17 1755		Town Clerk.

One of Shrewsbury's noted men was Capt. Luther Goddard, who was born in 1762. In middle life he withdrew from the church and faith of his forefathers and joined the Baptists, becoming a preacher and itinerant minister.

The way he became famous was by making watches, and it is said that he made the first watch that was ever made in America. He had his shop here, and besides cleaning and repairing the watches of the Shrewsbury people he also took care that those in the surrounding towns were kept in good order. Every other Sunday he preached in Lancaster, and the service being over he would collect all the disordered watches, take them home and return them in perfect order the next preaching day. Thus did he combine his different callings and made his various talents of service on all occasions.

He was instrumental in forming a Baptist Society in Shrewsbury, and by his enterprise a meeting-house was built and services sustained through his lifetime. The meeting-house was afterward transformed into a dwelling-house by Mr. Lyman Howe and is now occupied by Mr. George Dow. It is on the Worcester road about half a mile west of the post-office, and has been remodelled and changed in appearance within a few years.

One of the eminent physicians here was Dr. Seth Knowlton, who was born in 1781 and was grandson of Deacon Ezekiel. Harlow's History says, "He was a man of strong intellect and great influence in the town, and he was noted as much for his positive opinions and his ability to maintain them against all opposers, as he was for his skill as a surgeon and physician." There are some elderly persons now, who are not likely to ever forget the jolly Doctor who sweetened his medicine with merry stories and jokes, though the jokes were not always agreeable to the suffering patient. He was not very tall, but so fleshy as not to wish to mount a horse and always carried his saddle-bags in his sulky.

The children knew by woeful experience that those saddle-bags contained mixtures of inconceivable bitterness, and to the pains of sickness was added the horrible thought of the nauseous doses they must swallow when the Doctor came. One lady recalls her pleasure at the Doctor's visits, when he always took from his pocket a

great copper cent to compensate her for the bitter spoonful which came after it and which she must take. His doses of dissolved fishworms, dried and powdered frogs, hog lice steeped in brandy and other delectable compounds seem to have had not a bad effect upon those who lived to grow up under his treatment, their vigorous constitutions holding out to a good old age. He was foremost in forming the Restoration Society here and gathered the children for the first Sabbath School in Dr. Sumner's church about 1810.

Abel Goulding came into town about 1790 with his family, and lived on what is now called the Dickenson place, near the meeting of the Worcester and Holden roads, in the old blockhouse, built in the earliest times as a stronghold to which the inhabitants of that part of the town might flee, in case of any Indian invasion. When the danger from Indians was over it was occupied as a dwelling-house, and was not taken away until about twenty-five years ago.

Abel Goulding acquired his fame by inventing a loom for making chaise lace, the trimming used in the linings of chaises and carriages. He made a loom and manufactured the lace at his home. His father lived on Goulding Hill and with him lived his daughter Milly, who was a bright girl and taught school in Worcester. The death of her lover broke her heart and turned her brain, and she became a wanderer about town, mildly insane and always pleasant and gentle. Tradition says

that she had but to wish for a thing, when it came to her in one way or another. One would conclude that she wished for little, her possessions were so scanty. She was once in want of some candles, but it seems she had no tallow. She strolled off through the fields, and in her walk came across a dead cow. Not being fastidious she went home for a knife and with it she cut out all the tallow from the carcass and then made her candles, thanking the Lord for thus generously providing for her wants. So she went through life never suffering from want, but always having her necessities supplied like the ravens; and Milly Goulding's wishes became a proverb among those who knew her.

While Parson Cushing was yet living, and Nathaniel Whittemore was tanning calf-skins for schoolboys' aprons, before Old Tombolin had worn out his sheep-skin breeches, little Mary Garfield was growing up. And when the military companies were forming and Ross Wyman was making his patriotic horseshoes, when "Old Grimes" was visiting the Baldwin Tavern and Dr. Sumner was preaching in the new meeting-house, she was lively Molly Garfield. By the time that Luther Goddard preached the Gospel and cleaned the people's watches, while Milly Goulding was patiently awaiting the fulfillment of her modest wishes and Dr. Knowlton began to dispense his herbs and fishworms, she was called Old Moll Garfield the Witch. Not that she was ever thought to be a disagreeable, mischief-making

witch, but one whose character would bear inspection even in those days when suspicion had not yet died out. She fared better than her predecessors of a century before, for no one meddled with her liberty and she was allowed to sit quietly in her hut and distil her rose water and cider brandy—harmless decoctions for a witch to bring out of her cauldron. Some say that her little habitation was on the spot where Mr. Cook's carnations bloom so marvelously now. Others say that it was in the vicinity of the present Garfield residence, which is a more marvelous place still than Mr. Cook's greenhouses. However this may be, she did good work in spinning for the neighbors; but the boys were shy of her, and being determined to settle the question once for all whether she was a true witch, hung a horseshoe over the door of the room where she sat spinning one day. This story does not say whether they saw her come out, or whether she quietly slid up the chimney, but she was ever after called a witch. The legend says that on very dark nights she would mount her broom-stick and sail off into the clouds much higher than the church steeple, coming down again as gently as a thistle down. Such frolics as these indulged in at her extreme age look a little as though she was at least an unusual person, but many strange things happened long ago that we cannot account for.

There were some other curious people in town then, and later. One of these was Jo Aldrich, who was a

servant in the Miles family and always, when not at work, dressed in a white suit. He was not careful to keep the family secrets and caused some funny experiences. Ezra Howard and his dog will still be remembered by some; Ezra was a servant at the Baldwins.

The story of the coming of the first Plympton to Shrewsbury is thus told by a granddaughter, Mrs. Streeter, and is taken from the records of the Plympton family :

“My Grandfather, Elzaphon Plympton, was a shoemaker and also a farmer. About 1792 he went to Shrewsbury and bought a tract of land entirely covered with wood. He first cleared away the wood from a spot large enough for a house, then dug a cellar, put up the frame and covered it. I have heard my grandmother say that the first summer she lived there, no floors were laid, only loose boards put in place, and a board laid across the timbers for a shelf on which to set her dishes. There were no doors, windows or a chimney. A temporary fireplace was built out of doors where she did her cooking; and they went through the woods to a spring, not far from the house, for water. When the cool autumn weather came on, the chimneys were built, the doors hung, windows put in, and the house made more comfortable for the approaching winter. Thus my grandfather went on doing a little at a time, as his limited means would allow, from year to year, until at last the wood was cleared away from the place, and his land

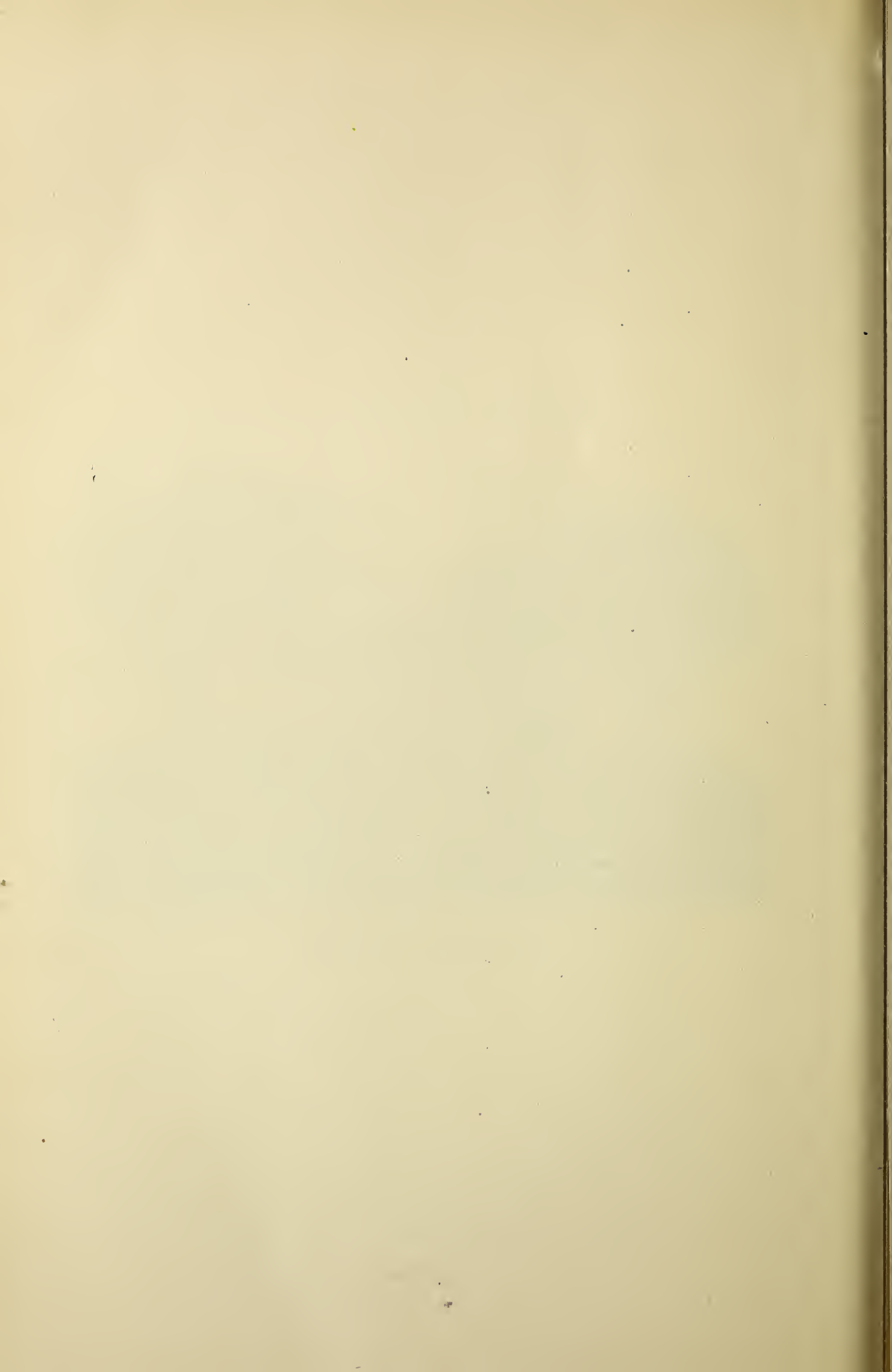
brought under a good state of cultivation, with mowing, pasture land and tillage. He had a fine apple orchard beginning to bear nice fruit. His house was finished and though not large, made a comfortable dwelling, with wood-house, granary, barn and workshop. All this was done in about twenty years. With the small means he had at his disposal, his growing family of nine children to feed, clothe and care for, he must have been a remarkably good calculator, a frugal, industrious man, and my grandmother his true helpmeet."

THE HENSHAW PLACE.

CAPTAIN NATHANIEL ALLEN came here from Boston about the year 1756 and lived on the place now owned by Mr. Samuel D. Ward. He was a sea-faring man, had been in various parts of the world and had acquired a sufficient amount of property to enable him to build himself a house a little handsomer than his neighbors. It was well built, too, and had the look of being rather grand, perched high up from the road, and nearer to it than the present house stands. The style of building was different from the ordinary New England country houses and was built with a curb roof and dormer windows. The outer walls were brick-lined, as a protection against the bullets of any enemy. The rooms were higher than those in most houses and the windows larger. The front door was quite imposing with its carved side posts and cornice overhead surmounted by a spread eagle, all brought from England, no work of the kind then being done in this country. The door opened into a hall which ran through the



THE HENSHAW PLACE.



house from north to south, and a broad flight of stairs led to the rooms above. The house was in its latter days painted yellow, and called by the children "The old yellow castle," so grand it seemed to them. East of the house was Capt. Allen's small store where he kept a stock in trade. He had a slave called by the name of Noah, whom he sent one night in the early spring with an errand to the Baldwin Tavern. He appears to have been unacquainted with the sociability of Shrewsbury frogs, for as he was passing the brook in the yard on his way home he heard a voice calling out as he thought, "Noah Allen," "Noah Allen," "Nigger Man," "I'll have him." For one instant he listened to the words spoken in such a weird tone, and then wild with fright he fled, and "not a moment stopped or staid he" until he arrived at his own master's door in safety. Capt. Allen appears to have had more than one slave, for we hear of his being at the Baldwin Tavern one day with his black man Boston and his little son Lewis, his son Caleb being left at home. While Capt. Allen was talking with others who were standing near, the little boy Lewis, in climbing about, fell into the well. He was soon recovered, but the father was more frightened than the boy, and told Boston to run home and see if Caleb had not fallen into their well, for he never knew Lewis do any kind of a trick that Caleb did not do the same thing immediately. Boston obeyed orders but found Caleb had not thought of falling into the well. Lewis Allen lived to grow

up and became a goldsmith by trade. He also grew into such a dangerous Tory that his townsmen desired him to seek a residence elsewhere. He respected their request and removed to Leicester, where he purchased the Mount Pleasant farm of Col. Joseph Henshaw, who bought Allen's farm in Shrewsbury and removed there in 1781. Lewis Allen died at Mount Pleasant and at his own request was buried in the garden near the road that, as he said, he might "hear the news when the stage goes by;" and he threatened vengeance on the one who should desecrate his grave. In the course of time some owner plowed over the grave and ever after the place was haunted, his ghost always troubling anyone who ventured to live there.

Col. Henshaw was a sea captain in early life, had spent much time at sea and in foreign lands, from whence he brought home treasures of many kinds and a large quantity of silver ware. At the opening of hostilities with Great Britain he was sent as delegate from Leicester to the first Provincial Congress, in Oct., 1774, and the next month was one of a committee "to make an estimate of the loss and damage of every kind to the province by the Boston port bill, and the act for altering the civil government." He was elected a member of the second Congress and one of a committee "to establish an intimate correspondence with the inhabitants of the province of Quebec." He was also sent to Connecticut to consult with the Governor and General Assembly on

matters relating to Col. Benedict Arnold and the stores which he was conveying to Ticonderoga, requesting that an effort be made to have any surplus stores sent to the Province of Massachusetts, ammunition and guns being much needed there. He went, and the Congress allowed for his own expenses and those of his servant, £7.14. The following is a copy of the Congressional resolve : “Resolved, That Col. Joseph Henshaw be appointed and directed to repair to Hartford and inquire whether provision is made, by the General Assembly of the Colony of Connecticut, for securing and maintaining the fortress of Ticonderoga and acquaint Col. Arnold that it is the order of this Congress that he return and render accounts of his expenses in that expedition, in order that he may be honorably discharged : But if Col. Henshaw shall find that such provision is not made, and the General Assembly be not sitting, that he proceed to Ticonderoga, and inform Col. Arnold that it is the order of this Congress that he continue there, with such number of forces as said Col. Henshaw shall judge necessary for the purpose. Nevertheless, if the said Col. Henshaw shall find the General Assembly sitting, and that they have not made such provision, that he consult with them touching this important matter, and take their proposals, and immediately make report to the Congress of this Colony.” During the Revolutionary War he was elected to many important offices and distinguished himself by his patriotism and bravery. He lived but a few years

after coming to Shrewsbury, but his widow, Mrs. Sally Henshaw, continued to live on the Henshaw Place, noted for her deeds of kindness and benevolence. One picture that we have of her is as she was sitting beside the bed of her servant, poor black Jack, who was dying of a fever, fanning him to keep away the flies, for, she said, "It seems as if the flies would eat up poor Jack." Aunt Sally Henshaw was not only kind-hearted, but she wore beautiful dresses and was very handsome herself when she was young.

In the lane that led from the yard to the woods and pastures to the south, old black Cæsar and his wife had their little house where they lived and worked for the Henshaw family. Hannah had a great fondness for "the ardent" and frequently allowed her love for it to overcome her prudence and drank too freely, but Cæsar carried a steady head and kept things smooth at home. The poor woman's retribution overtook her at last, and one fatal day Dec. 26, 1807, after having taken most of the contents of her jug, she tried to lift it to its place on the shelf over the fireplace, but her joints were weak and gave way all at once and she fell in a heap on the fire. Cæsar being near by, picked her up and did what he could for her dreadful burns, bestowing most loving care upon her. In a day or two he left her for a short time to go on some errand and when he returned the door was blocked by something on the inside. In at the window he went and found Hannah sitting on the

floor, her back against the door, her hand on the bed-post and she was dead. The poor man was heart-broken, and when some days after a neighbor went to see how it fared with him, the door was again found blocked on the inside, another entrance at the window and old Cæsar was sitting with his back against the door, his hand on the bed-post, and he dead. He died of grief, and his heart was really broken for his dear, black, drinking wife. To conclude this mournful and truthful tale, the house itself burned down not long after and only a few stones now mark the spot where this loving couple lived and had their tragic end.

Aunt Sally, after having become blind, went to live with her brother Joshua Henshaw, who was a man of some prominence in Boston, once owned Spectacle Island in the harbor and removed to Shrewsbury to spend his last years, living in the house which was moved away in 1876, from the site where now stands the residence of the late Hon. Thomas Rice.

Squire "Josh" was a very slender man and fun was occasionally poked at him on that account. He was once annoyed at the continuous efforts of a tin peddler to prevail upon him to purchase some of his wares and he finally asked the peddler if he had not a pair of boots that would fit him. "Yes," said the peddler, "here is just the fit," handing him a pair of tin candle moulds.

The old house was taken down in 1852 and the present one erected. The well sweep still remains as when

Cæsar drew the water from the well, the same well into which the youthful Samuel Ward once fell, and when he was brought up unhurt, wanted to go back and get his hat. The well and the house are shaded by three of the four elms which were set out by Aunt Sally's namesake and niece; and not far from Cæsar's house-site stands the old sassafras tree, as large one hundred years ago as it is to-day, from which several generations of children have peeled the fragrant bark to chew on their way to school. Aunt Henshaw's June roses still bloom on the bank in front, bright and red as they bloomed in the days gone by when Mrs. Henshaw herself came out with stately step to see how her garden grew, or the gay young niece who visited her ran out to pluck a nosegay on a Sunday morning to wear in her belt to church.

SHREWSBURY IN THE REVOLUTION.

SKETCH OF GENERAL WARD.

ARTEMAS WARD was born November 27th, 1727, in the house afterward known as the "Baldwin Tavern," which his father Nahum Ward built, as we have seen in a former chapter. Here he spent his early life, and when seventeen years of age entered Harvard College, from which he was graduated at the age of twenty-one years. He was then attracted to the pleasant town of Groton, Mass., where he taught school for a time, boarding in the family of the Rev. Caleb Trowbridge, whose wife was a granddaughter of the old puritan minister, Rev. Increase Mather, one of the leading theologians in the time of the Salem Witchcraft, and it must be confessed that the witches received little favor at his hands.

After the school teaching was over Artemas Ward married Sarah, daughter of the Groton minister, who is said to have inherited some of the firm characteristics of her Mather ancestors. They commenced their

married life in the house on Rocky Plain, which his father had presented to him, and being commissioned one of his Majesty's justices, he there had his law office where offenders were summoned to appear before him to be tried for their misdeeds. There, too, he kept a small store, and by his account book, which is preserved in good condition, he must have done a thriving business. His rum and molasses he bought by the barrel in Boston, of Joshua Winslow, and he bought his broadcloth of John Hancock. Very little is known of his life at this time, save that he held some town offices, being town clerk, selectman, and representative to the General Court. The first glimpse which we have of his military life is that he was Captain of the first company raised in this town. In 1755 he was commissioned Major in the Third Regiment, Abraham Williams being Colonel. In 1758 he was made Lieutenant Colonel in the Regiment of foot commanded by Col. William Williams and raised for the invasion of Canada, setting out for the wars in May of that year.

The following extracts are made from his Journal kept during the expedition: "May 30, 1758. Marched to Brookfield, lodged at Hastings's; 31st to Northampton, lodged at Gideon Lymans; June 3. Seven companies of our Regiment marched ten miles to y^e Coffee house and emcamped.

7th. The whole Regiment marched for Greenbush

by y^e way of Connameak, marched 13 miles, my horse flung me into a River.

9. Marched nine miles & came to Greenbush, lodged at Capt. Dows, drew provision for 7 days for y^e Regt.

14. Marched to Saratoga, 15 miles. Left Capt. Ball at y^e falls, Lieut. Rice at Fort Meor.

16. Marched to Fort Edward and encamped—17, built a brest work on y^e west end of y^e encampment.

19. The General with his aid de camp came to see the Provincial Troops; was pleased with Col. Williams' Encampment.

20. The Hon^{ble} Col. Gage & Col. Haldiman came to pay Col. Williams a visit. The General not well. The French Flag uneasy because not sent away—an acct of the arrival of the Storeship, an acct of Lord Hows arrival at the Lake with a number of Battoes, an acct of one of Rogers men killed by the guard at Half-way brook.

22. An acct of a party of 100 Indians discovered on the East side y^e River, a party of 200 from Prebbles Ruggles & Nichols regiment ordered out in quest of them made no discovery. Ruggles & Williams Regiment muster^d by Brig^{dr} Gen^l Gage who did Col. Williams y^e Honor to say, was his Reg^t in uniform it would be one of the finest he ever saw.

24. A large detachment to escort y teams & assist in Building a fort came to this place three prisoners (who escaped from Canada) about 12 o'clock A. M.

brot an acct that ye French were raising all their forces—that they were in great want of provisions—that but few Indians had joyned them as yet.

June 25. About 400 teams & Wagons passed on to ye Lake with stores—preached from Deut. 23^d 9. About 150 of Col. Williams Regiment with a large detachment from the Inkskilling & Ruggles Regiments Employed in building a stockade fort at Half-way Brook.

28. Left Half-way Brook & came to Lake George—encamped.

July 1st. Battoes loaded with Artilery & Stores.

2. Battoes given to all the Provincial Troops to load with flour Pork &c.

4. Orders given for Heavy Baggage to be put on Board.

5. Sailed. In ye Evening put a shore tarried about 2 hours & refreshed ourselves, then came up Lord How & ordered all to come under sail.

6. Landed without opposition & killed 4 of the enemy, took 6 prisoners all ye rest after destroying their Block house fled—12 o'clock set out for ye mills met ye enemy Ingaged them. Lord How fell in Battle with about 10 more, the line of march broke all in confusion, returned to ye place we landed at & Incamped with 160 prisoners, many of the enemy slain viz 160.

7th marched and took possession of ye mills—Wills

& Prebbs Regts marched from ye mills and built a brest work within $\frac{3}{4}$ mile of the French & encamped.

8. Formed our lines before ye enemys brest works, the fire began at 9 lasted till Night many slain. Began to build a brest work but soon shamefully retreated to *our old brest work*.

9. In ye morning arrived at ye Battoes went on board and in ye afternoon came to ye place went from on ye 5th instant & encamped.

10. Nothing but Confusion.

13. We mov^d & pitched our tents by ye French In-trenchment.

July 19. Heard two men were killed and scalped at Stillwater yesterday.

20. 3 Cap^{ts} 2 Liet^s 1 Ensnⁿ & 21 privates slain (& missing) Between this and Half-way Brook.

21. A general Court martial, In which there was one sentenced to be hanged for stealing and 2 others to receive 100 lashes each.

29. Maj^s Rogers & Putnam with 700 men sent down at 2 oclock in ye morn to ye Lake & 10 to South Bay to Intercept the Enemy in their return.

31st. News from Half-way Brook of ye Enemy marching toward Fort Edward.

August 3^d. Doctr Ashley deceased at Saratoga.

Aug. 8. Heard that 2 of Lord Hows Regt was found scalped which was supposed to have deserted from ye Regt before we went to Ticonderoga with

one more which some days since was taken up by some of our men and is now under arrest, it is thought that he was with the Indians that fell upon ye teams on ye 28th of July last. It is thought he will suffer death for his crime.

9. News from Rogers that he had got forty scalps & two prisoners, he lost 20 & had 50 men wounded two brought into Fort Edward that was scalped but alive—ye truth is they gave ye enemy a good drubbing this time.

13. Last night ye french Flag of truce went off—this day Capt. Maynard returned from his scout with Maj. Rogers, he went to south bay fort Ann then to Fort Edward & Saratoga he said he had 7 men shot down within the length of his gun of him, in time of the engagement.

20. This day news came to head Quarters from a letter from Gov. Hutchinson of ye surrender of Cape Breton that it surrendered ye 26 of July last.

21. Lt Johnson of Capt. Jacobs company went out on a scout with about 15 or 16 Indians and English to reconoiter and get a Captive if possible.

25. Went to half-way brook with 550 officers & men & relieved the party stationed there.

Sept 15. Nothing remarkable saving Broadstreets taking Saratoga on ye 27 of August last."

A musket with bayonet and cartridge-box are some of the trophies sent home from the war by Col. Ward,

and are now in the possession of his descendants.

At the time of this war one-third of all the able bodied men of Massachusetts were in the field. Of the number who went from Shrewsbury, Mr. Harlow in his History traces but nine names.

LT. COL. ARTEMAS WARD,	JOHN WHEELER,
LT. MARSHALL NEWTON,	WILLIAM HOWE,
ENSIGN NATHAN HOWE,	AARON SMITH,
DR. EDWARD FLINT,	JOSHUA SMITH,
CALEB PARKER.	

The two Howe brothers and Aaron Smith came home sick, and the town granted them each an allowance of several shillings on account of their sickness. An old document of which the following is a copy, reveals some other names :

“Shrewsbury May ye 2^d 1758 We ye Subscribers do hereby acknowledge that we have rec^d of Artemas Ward fifty shillings each, it being in full for ye fifty shillings bounty allowed by ye General Court for In-listing into ye Canada Expedition.

In witness whereof we have hereto set our hands—

JOHN MORSE,	EPHRAIM PRATT,
JOHN NEWTON,	EZEKIEL KNOWLTON,
RUFUS TAYLOR,	LUKE KNOWLTON,
JOHN HAPGOOD,	NAHUM EAGER,
STEPHEN PARKER, JR.,	BENJAMIN EAGER
TIMOTHY HOWARD,	for negro POMPEY.

SOLOMON FAY.”

In July 1765 the following named persons received each, nine pounds bounty from the muster master, Col. Artemas Ward, "for enlisting into the service of ye Province of ye Massachusetts Bay in ye year afore-said"—

JOHN TAPLIN,
WILLIAM JORDAN,
JOHN LOVE,
ELIAS WITT,
DAVID BOYNTON,
EPHRAIM STONE,
JONATHAN SMITH,
SAMUEL PEGON,
BENJAMIN WARREN.

These names are all under date of Shrewsbury at the same time. Mr. Harlow mentions one young Shrewsbury hero, Jonah Taylor who went in his youthful ardor with the famous expedition against Cape Breton under Sir William Pepperell and fell at Louisburg in 1745. On his return from this expedition Col. Ward resumed his place in town affairs, administering justice to the unruly and throwing his influence on the right side of the grave questions then arising among the people.

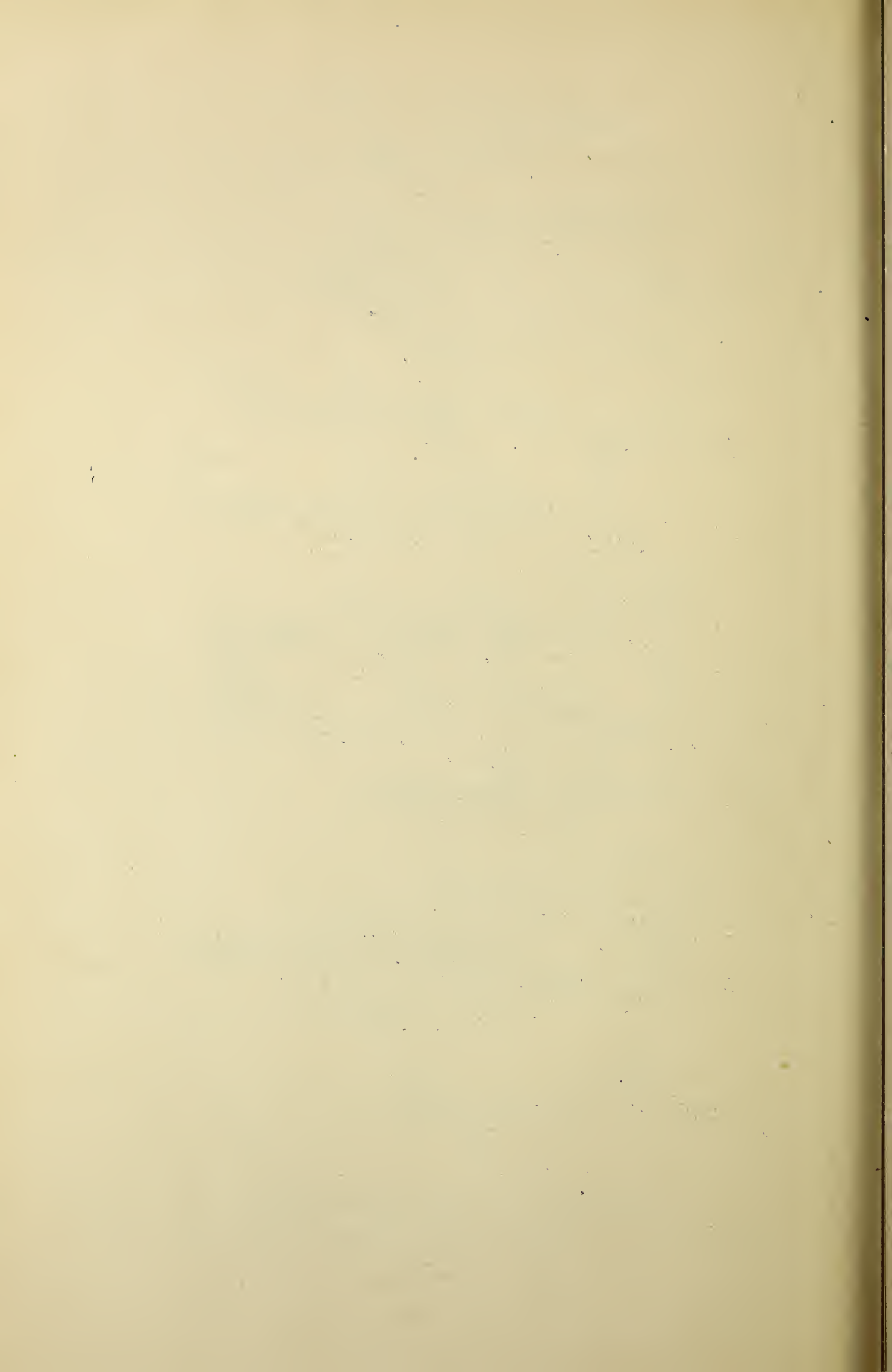
In 1762 he sold his house on Rocky Plain to Rev. Mr. Sumner and removed to the place since known as the Ward Homestead, on the opposite side of the King's highway from the Baldwin Tavern.

When the original part of the house at the Home-

John Morse
John Newton
Kyrus Saylor
John Hargood
Stephen Parker Jr
Timothy Howard
E. Pringle Craft
Ezekiel Knoulton
Luke Knoulton
Nahum Eager
~~Benjamin Eager~~
~~for nurse nee~~

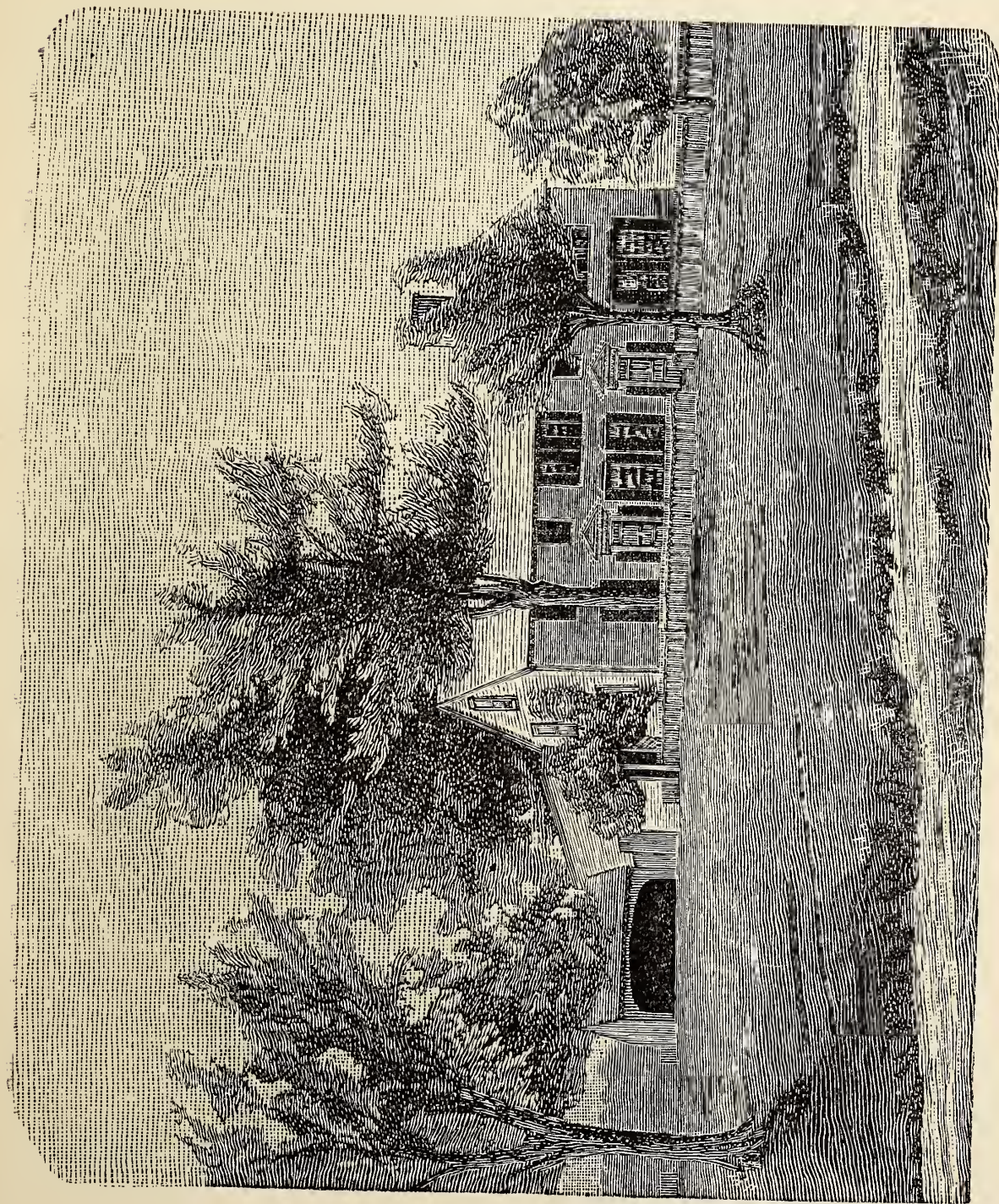
Solomon Jay

SIGNATURES OF VOLUNTEERS IN THE
CANADIAN EXPEDITION.

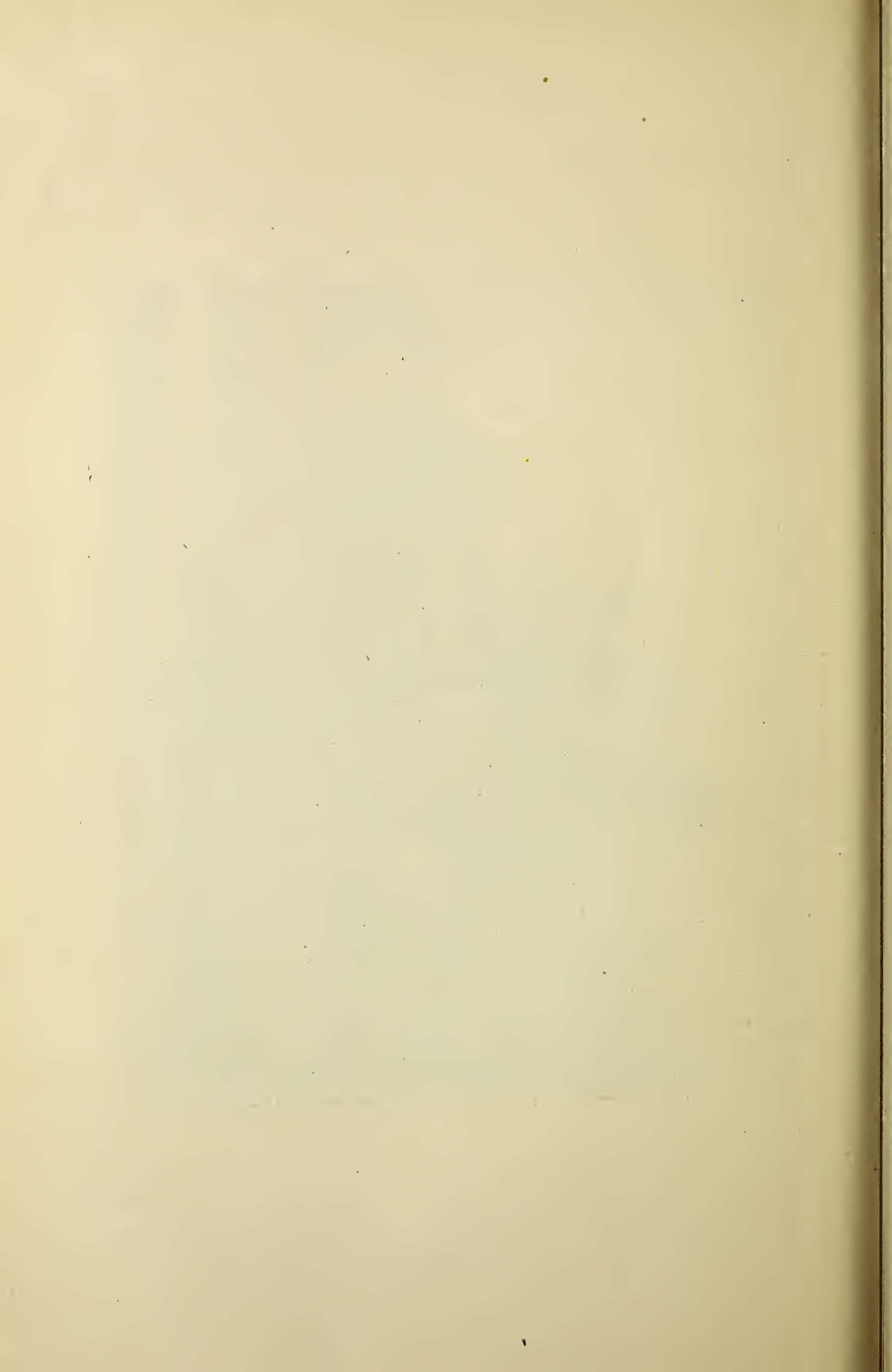


stead was erected is not definitely known. Probably it is one of the numerous houses built by Nahum Ward. Like most country houses of that time, it had two rooms in front, one on each side of the front door and a small entry between. A large chimney afforded fireplaces in the two rooms and also in the long kitchen behind them. In 1785 the house was enlarged and somewhat modernized, but many old features remain. The hand-made window sashes, and heavy blinds, the great locks and hinges on the doors often excite the curiosity of the present generation, and it has been sometimes rare sport for the children to search out all the closets, cupboards and cranny places in the house, some of which are not easily found. Like the Pease Tavern, there is a swing partition between two rooms upstairs which can be raised to make one large room. The fireplaces have nearly all been bricked up, but the brick oven in the kitchen is still in good order, and the stone hearth lies before the fireplace as if waiting for those good old times to return when the back-log and fore-stick with a whole load of smaller wood filling in the space between, would blaze again and fill the room with light and heat. The crane is shut up there waiting to bear its weight of pots and kettles as in the ancient time when the fair faces and plump arms of the dames who ruled their own kitchens, kept fair to the last in spite of the roaring, scorching fire before which they cooked their dinners, happy in

their ignorance of a cooking stove. The kitchen dresser is now enclosed with doors, but the shining pewter that once adorned the shelves is scattered through the land in different homes. The heavy, sliding window shutters still shut out the cold in winter nights, as they did when the young folks gathered about the bright log fire to crack their hickory nuts and roast their apples and chestnuts. The apples twirling on their strings, sputtered in the heat until the juice dropped down on to the ashes below, where the chestnuts were roasting and bursting their shells, scattering the ashes into the mugs of cider warming on the hearth, over the shining apples above, and all about, making great merriment, for whichever way one flew was toward the true love of the owner of that very chestnut. Cracking their nuts and their jokes they had their fun, knowing that if they became too uproarious the General would come to the door and bid them "keep more quiet." The cellar door has the old fashioned latch pulled up by a leather string, like the one little Red-riding-hood lifted at her grandmother's door. The long poles hanging horizontally in their supports a few inches from the ceiling were used for drying apples and pumpkins, and here, too, were kept the guns. Sometimes the boys would drill in the kitchen, and the low ceiling still shows the marks where it was hit in the "shoulder arms!" In the "best room," now the "middle room," was the buffet which was, in the reno-



THE WARD HOMESTEAD.



vation, consigned to the cellar as being old-fashioned.

The summers running across the ceiling, the corner posts and beams around the tops of the rooms, the stout timbers, the spars in the garret fastened with great wooden pins, bracing up the roof, the massive masonry in the cellar supporting the chimneys, all show that the house was not built for that time alone, but with a thought for future generations. It was from this humble dwelling that Artemas Ward went forth to take that active and prominent part in the political affairs of our country in which he distinguished himself for his pure patriotism, his strict integrity and stern sense of justice and duty from which he allowed nothing to turn him aside. In 1763 he was commissioned Colonel, and in training his men he sometimes gave them lessons in politics. Fighting for the king against the French was a thing of the past; they must now look out for their own rights that were being encroached upon by Parliament, and the militia companies instead of being eager to learn how to best serve their king, were seeking to break away from his allegiance altogether.

Hints of Colonel Ward's disloyalty to kingly rule came to the ears of the royal Governor, Francis Bernard, who as a loyal subject of the king was bound to suppress anything like treachery; accordingly, he sent a messenger post-haste to Col. Ward's house with a letter. It was the day when the old meeting-

house was being torn down, and men had collected from all parts of the town to take part in the work. Being directed there the messenger spurred on his horse, and finding Col. Ward with the others, presented him with the letter, resting his horse while it was being opened to see how the message was received. The assembled townsmen were curious to know what the important message could be that required such haste in the rider in the scarlet coat. Col. Ward then read aloud:

“Boston, June 30, 1766.

TO ARTEMAS WARD Esq^r

Sir.—I am ordered by the Governor to signify to you that he has thought fit to supersede your Commission of Col. in the Regiment of militia lying in part in the County of Worcester and partly in the County of Middlesex—And your said Commission is superseded accordingly.

I am Sir, your most ob't and humble serv't

Jno. Cotton, Deputy Secretary.”

Col. Ward then turning to the messenger said “Give my compliments to the Governor and say to him that I consider myself twice honored, but more in being superseded than in being commissioned, and” (holding up the letter) “that I thank him for this, since the motive that dictated it is evidence that I am what he is not, a friend to my country.” Bearing this message the horseman in the king's livery turned his

horse and rode off amid the shouts of the people "*Colonel Ward forever!*" So bravely and without hesitation did he accept the situation, and so firmly did he abide by the stand which he had taken, that he secured the love and confidence of New England.

King George III. was not beloved by his subjects in the Province of Massachusetts Bay and his representative, the Governor thereof, felt that rebellion was in the hearts of the people. And truly they did rebel against the heavy taxations and the many acts of oppression placed upon them.

The law-loving, law-abiding descendants of the Puritans liked it not that the king should send his Red-coats to preserve order among the most orderly of mankind, and Artemas Ward with his keen sense of justice could ill brook the insult. The colonists aroused to action, sent men of tried integrity and loyalty to their cause, to act as the Governor's council, and thus protect their rights. Shrewsbury sent Artemas Ward, but the Governor, loyal to the king, would have none of him, and sent him home for the same reason that he withdrew his commission. The people then sent him as their representative to the General Court, where he remained and acted with that body.

For some years there had been turbulent times in Boston; the independent spirit of America was aroused by the presence of the British soldiers, who were

pleased at times to show their authority, consequently there was a fight between them and some of the Boston workmen, and Crispus Attuks (who has since been immortalized as a hero,) was killed. This was called a massacre, and was followed by a more determined show of resistance. Mobs and riots turned the formerly peaceful city into a place of terror. The people were becoming poor by taxation; the already poor were crushed by it and reduced to real suffering. Kind friends in the country and in other Colonies took from their own scanty stores to help them in their need, for these stories were not long in passing over the hills. Groups of men talked them over in the bar-rooms at Baldwin's and Farrar's; there was war in the air! Shrewsbury Captains drilled their men; all the old flint locks were brushed up and primed ready for use at a minute's notice, when their owners should receive the word. Indians and wild cats were forgotten; it was the Red-coats now! When the young men burned their tea in Ross Wyman's bar-room they expressed a feeling that would show itself later in burning powder when the right time should come, and they waited with what patience they could, for the motto was, "The British must fire the first shot!"

The great and general court of the Province of Massachusetts Bay being deserted by the Royal Governor, Hon. Thomas Gage, Esq., on the fifth of October, 1774, the members thereof formed themselves into a Provin-

cial Congress, and held their first session at Salem Court House two days later, choosing John Hancock president and Benjamin Lincoln clerk. Adjourning to the meeting-house in Concord, a committee was appointed "to consider what is necessary to be done now for the defense and safety of the Province," the committee to consist of thirteen, "Hon. Col. Ward" being one. It was found that not less than £20,837 was necessary to defray the expense of firearms and ordnance, in addition to what was already in their possession. This appalling sum did not dismay these intrepid men who were willing to give their all for their liberty.

A committee of safety consisting of nine was also appointed to regulate the Militia and they chose three Generals, Hon. Jedediah Preble, Hon. Artemas Ward, Col. Seth Pomeroy. Jedediah Preble did not accept his appointment. All through the next winter the Militia companies in the towns were quietly learning the ways of war, learning to send their balls straight to the mark and to waste no ammunition by false shots. Heavily loaded wagons were seen wending their way towards Concord where the ordnance were to be stored, leaving their loads of powder and balls and returning for more. The teamsters were allowed ninepence per mile.

Shrewsbury voted to raise three companies, but it appears that two only were raised, one in each precinct — the south (now Shrewsbury) under Captain Job Cushing ; the north (Boylston) under Captain Ezra Bea-

man. It appears also that these two companies were consolidated in one, Job Cushing, Captain, and Ezra Beaman, first Lieut., the number of men raised not being sufficient for two companies.

Before the war was over Ezra Beaman won the title of Major, having distinguished himself in the Bennington and Saratoga struggles. He is one of Boylston's famous men and an account of his valor may be read in the History of Worcester County. The place where he lived is called the "Beaman farm" to this day, and is owned by Mr. Thomas Harlow of Shrewsbury.

In March, 1775, when Doctor Joseph Warren made his bold speech in the Old South Church on the anniversary of the massacre, the British found that they had more than a handful of rebellious children with whom to deal. On the fifteenth of April the Congress at Concord adjourned to convene again on the tenth of May, the eleventh of May being appointed as a day of fasting and prayer "for the gracious interposition of Heaven and the restoration of their invaded liberties." Not fearing an immediate attack from the British, the members of Congress left Concord for their homes, excepting Samuel Adams and John Hancock, who stayed a few days with their friend, Rev. Jonas Clark, in Lexington. Gov. Gage having had orders from England to arrest these two dangerous men and send them to the king for trial, it was thought best for them to remain in the seclusion of Lexington for awhile, and there Paul Revere

found them when he took his midnight ride on the eighteenth of April, and spoke at every door "A word that shall echo forevermore." The next day the shot for which the country was listening was fired and "heard round the world." Then the pent up enthusiasm of New England burst into flame, and when the historic white horse "bloody with spurring and dripping with sweat" passed through Shrewsbury, its rider crying out "To arms! To arms! The war's begun," men leaped to their saddles or shouldered their arms, and Captain Cushing's company of minute men were on the moment's notice marching toward Boston. Lieut. Nathan Howe was, like Israel Putnam, plowing at the time he heard the cry, with a horse and a pair of oxen; mounting the horse he set off to rally the men. Nathan, Junior, cried to go, too, but was too young, being only fifteen. However when, two years later, his father left the army because his constitution was broken down with exposure and labor, he was allowed to have his wish and went to the war, remaining in the service till its close.

The word that the excited horsemen brought to Shrewsbury on the nineteenth of April flew through the towns with such rapidity that before Saturday night Boston was surrounded by an army of sixteen thousand men, in the face of Governor Gage's proclamation that all rebels taken in arms should be brought to the gallows.

Artemas Ward was at Cambridge on the twentieth issuing orders and regulating the troops as they came thronging in. On the nineteenth of May the Provincial Congress accepted the form of a commission for General Ward and the next day "Resolved unanimously, that the president be desired to deliver to Gen. Ward the commission prepared for him by this Congress as General and Commander in Chief of the Massachusetts forces." The commission read as follows :

"The Congress of the Colony of Massachusetts Bay

To the Honorable Artemas Ward, Esquire, Greeting :
We, reposing especial trust and confidence in your courage and good conduct, do by these presents constitute and appoint you, the said ARTEMAS WARD, to be GENERAL and COMMANDER IN CHIEF of all the forces raised by the Congress aforesaid, for the defence of this and the other American Colonies.

You are therefore carefully and diligently to discharge the duty of a GENERAL in leading, ordering, and exercising the Forces in Arms, both inferior officers and soldiers, and to keep them in good order and discipline, and they are hereby commanded to obey you as their GENERAL ; and you are yourself to observe and follow such orders and instructions as you shall, from time to time, receive from this or any future Congress or House of Representatives of this Colony, or the Committee of Safety, so far as said Committee is impowered by their commission to order and instruct you for the defence of

this and the other Colonies, and to demean yourself according to the military rule, and discipline, established by said Congress in pursuance of the trust reposed in you.

By order of the Congress

Dated 19th May A. D. 1775

Jos. Warren Pres. Pro. Tem."

This commission did not authorize him to command the forces raised in other Colonies, of which large numbers were daily arriving at Cambridge. The Congress was therefore impressed with the importance of having them formed into one army and under the leadership of one man. Accordingly John Adams was sent to Philadelphia to confer with the Continental Congress then in session there.

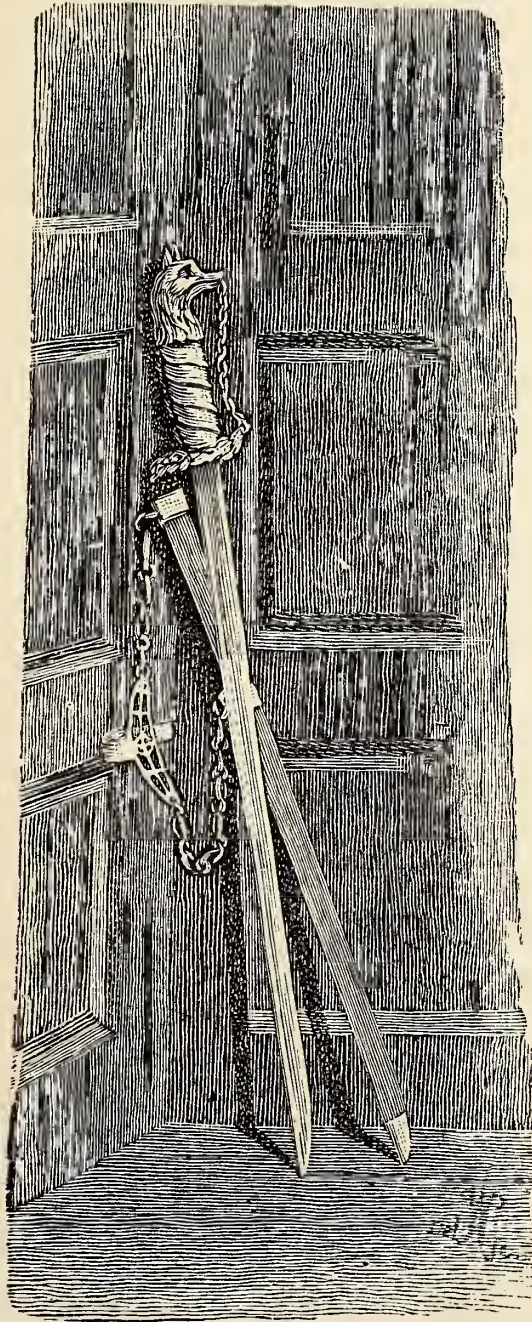
His nomination of George Washington met with approval and he was elected to the office of General the following June. In the meantime preparations for war were being made at Cambridge. It was found that the number of firelocks was insufficient for the number of enlisted men, and the inhabitants of all towns who had any in their possession were requested to forward them to Watertown and receive payment for the same. Twenty-two were sent from Shrewsbury, and there were found here five barrels of powder, of which one-half a barrel was to be left in town.

The army was to be supplied with clothing, and the committee of supply proportioned out the coats to be made in different towns. Shrewsbury was to make 79.

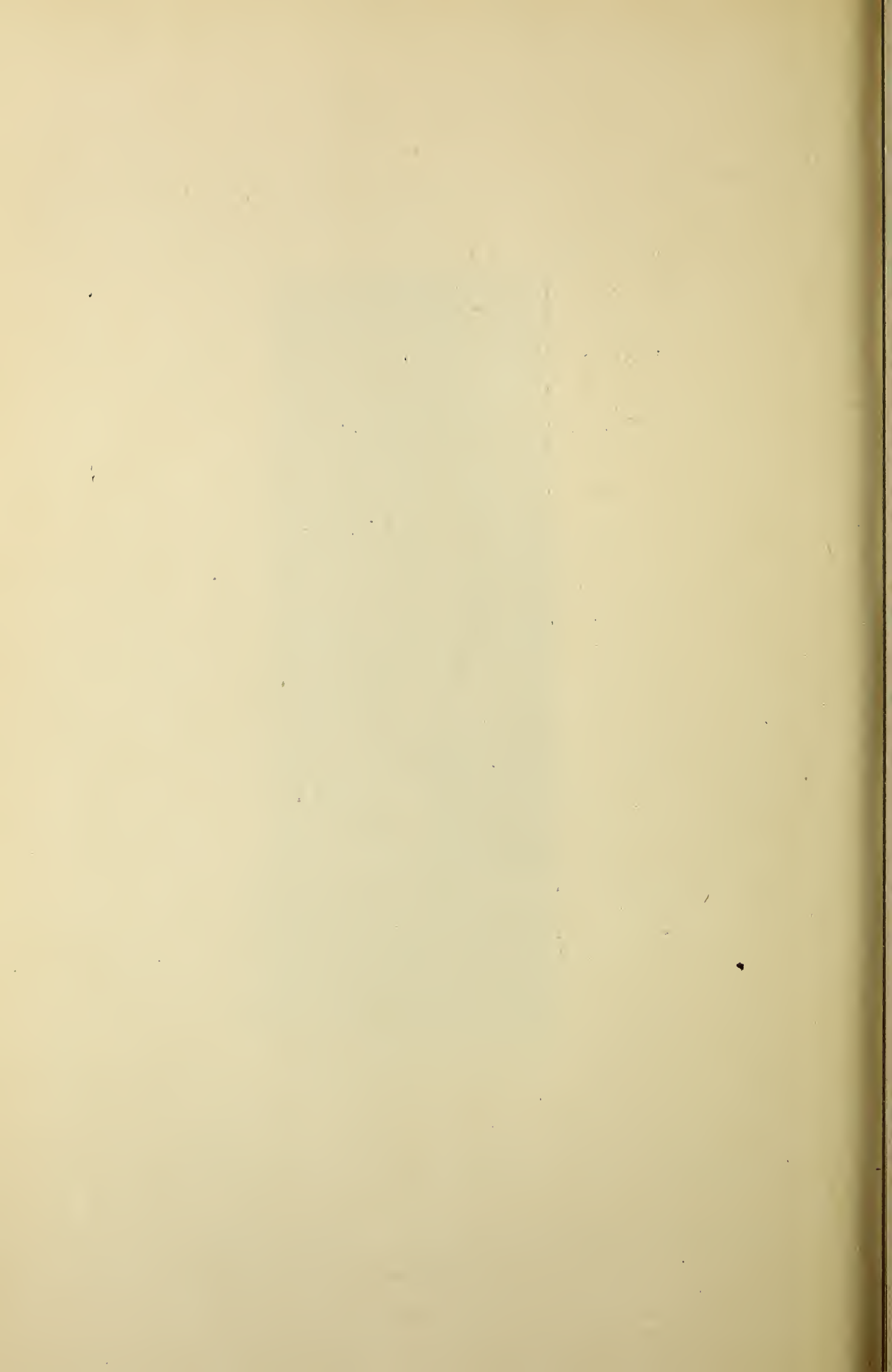
They were “to be made of good, plain cloth, preference to be given to the manufactures of this country, and to be delivered to the committee of supplies without buttons, on or before the first day of October next, and sooner if possible. That for every yard of such cloth of seven-eighths of a yard wide, they shall be allowed and paid the sum of five shillings and fourpence, and in that proportion for cloth of a greater or less width, and the sum of four shillings for each and every coat; Resolved—that each coat be faced with the same kind of cloth of which it is made; that the coats be made in the common, plain way, without lappels, short, and with small folds, and that the select men cause a certificate to be sewed to the inside of each coat purporting from what town it came, by who the coat was made, and if the cloth was manufactured in this country.” These coats were all to be buttoned with pewter buttons having the number of the regiment stamped upon the face of them.

The sword which General Ward wore at this time was of English manufacture, and is now in the possession of a descendant in South America. It has a silver hilt surmounted by a wolf’s head, a silver chain running from the mouth to the cross hilt. The scabbard is of plain leather with silver mountings and steel chains to attach it to the sword belt. Later a sword with jewelled hilt was presented to him, and inscribed “By a grateful people.”

It was no light task to reduce to order the army that



GENERAL WARD'S SWORD.



had so suddenly arisen in New England after the Battle at Lexington and Concord. All were volunteers, but all were not unused to camp life. Many among them had fought in the French Wars, many more had served in the militia companies and knew something of military ways, and all from the oldest to the youngest knew full well the use of their muskets. This ununiformed army did not present a brilliant spectacle to the eye, as each individual was dressed in his own home suit and no two alike; some had come directly from the plough-field, some from their workshops; they had gone with the idea of fighting the British the first day, and the restraints of camp life were disagreeable and the scarcity of food and comfortable quarters discouraging.

One of the first orders issued by General Ward on the 20th of April was "That a Captain, one Lieutenant, two Sergeants, and fifty-two rank-and-file, march immediately to bury the dead, and take care of the wounded." Col. Gardner was ordered to repair immediately to Roxbury, and bring to Cambridge all the bread that could be obtained there, and Col. Bond, to bring "all the cannon at Watertown, Newton and Waltham, with part of the ammunition to the camp at Cambridge." It was thought by the Committee of Safety that the British would next attack Cambridge and therefore that place was ordered to be well guarded. It was here that General Ward had his head-quarters, in the house afterward owned and occupied by Oliver Wendell Holmes.

The volunteers were surrounding Boston ; day by day they were drawing the lines closer, guarding all the avenues to the city and imprisoning the British, leaving no way for them to go out, but by the sea.

There were many poor in the city who were loyal to the American cause, who were also shut up there on account of their poverty, having been unable to provide homes for themselves elsewhere.

Gov. Gage finding them no benefit to him, but rather a weight on his hands, gave them permission to go out, provided that all who had fire-arms should leave them behind. And so it was that men and boys sadly marched into Faneuil Hall, bravely laid down their muskets, and came out empty handed. The Provincial Congress ordered that provision be made in different towns for all those who were unable to do for themselves, and that they be transported thither. The number allotted to Shrewsbury was thirty-two. There were busy times in the newly formed army, there were anxious times at home among the elders, there were exciting times among the boys, who talked of the glories of war and of the noble achievements there would be to record, could they but have a chance to take down the pride of some of those haughty grenadiers. What wonder that the hearts of the Shrewsbury boys beat high when they thought of the battle that was daily expected !

What wonder that the son of the General felt a desire that could not be repressed, to visit his father and wit-

ness the preparations for war? It required but little persuasion from him to induce a young companion to join him in his adventure. Who his companion was tradition does not say, and we can only guess that it was young Nathan Howe, who wanted so much to go with his father. Whoever he might have been, he was a Shrewsbury boy, and the two made the journey on foot. It was near noon on the 17th of June when they arrived at Cambridge and made their appearance at head-quarters.

The General was not well pleased to see his son there at that time, for the battle was already begun. His look of disapproval, and "How is this, Tommy?" struck the boy as not propitious for a long visit; and "you must go right back," settled the matter. And so these sons of soldiers, who were brought up to obey, turned their backs on the camp and on all that they had wished to see, and set their faces homeward, even though balls from the "Lively" and "Somerset," men of war in the harbor, were flying over at the intrenchments on Bunker Hill and the Red-coats would soon march up the hill to their death. The rattle of musketry reached their ears, and the flames of burning Charlestown were in sight when they turned to look back after they were well out of town. They had seen the camp, they had heard the noise of battle; they had that to remember, and they could remember also that like good soldiers they had obeyed orders.

The General made but one record in his note book

that day, "The battle is going on at Charlestown." There is no time to write in journals when there is the most to write about. It was a time of great excitement; here were the undisciplined soldiers all eager to fight in the first battle; there was lack of ammunition, no one waiting for orders, orders misunderstood and orders hard to get when the General himself was under orders from the Committee of Safety, and besides all this there was a traitor in the camp. It is astonishing that the history made that day is as flattering to the American forces as it is. The account of the Battle, by the Provincial Congress, is a simple statement of things as they appeared at the time, without criticism, and without censuring any one. The record reads: "Reinforcements from Ireland both of horse and foot, being arrived, the number unknown, and having good intelligence that Gen. Gage was about to take possession of the advantageous posts in Charlestown and on Dorchester point, the Committee of Safety advised, that our troops should prepossess them if possible: accordingly, on Friday evening, the 16th instant, this was effected by about twelve hundred men. About daylight on Saturday morning, their line of circumvallation, on a small hill south of Bunker's Hill in Charlestown was closed. At this time the "Lively" man of war, began to fire upon them. A number of our enemy's ships, tenders, cutters and scows or floating batteries soon came up: from all which the fire was general by twelve o'clock.

About two the enemy began to land at a point which leads out towards Noddle's island, and immediately marched up to our intrenchments, from which they were twice repulsed; but, in the third attack forced them. Our forces, which were in the lines, as well as those sent out for their support, were greatly annoyed by balls, and bombs from Copps Hill, the ships, scows, &c. At this time, the buildings in Charlestown appeared in flames, in almost every quarter, kindled by hot balls, and are since laid in ashes. Though this scene was most horrible, and altogether new to most of our men, yet many stood and received wounds by swords and bayonets, before they quitted their lines. At five o'clock the enemy were in full possession of all the posts within the isthmus. In the evening and the night following, General Ward extended his intrenchments, before made at the stone house, over Winter hill. About 6 o'clock of the same day, the enemy began to cannonade Roxbury, from Boston neck and elsewhere, which they continued twenty-four hours, with little spirit and less effect.

The number killed and wounded on our side is not known; but supposed by some to be about sixty or seventy, and by some considered to be considerably above that number. Our most worthy friend and president Doct. Warren, lately elected a Major general, is among them; this loss we feel most sensibly * * If any error has been made on our side, it was in taking a post so much exposed"—

This letter to the Continental Congress was prepared by seven men chosen by the Provincial Congress for the purpose and written four days after the battle. The following letter also was sent to General Ward :

“ In Provincial Congress

Watertown, June 22^d, 1775.

Sir :

Yours of this day hath been considered by the Congress, they are entirely satisfied with the part you have taken relative to their suggestions to you, of the propriety of removing a regiment or more, from the camp in Roxbury to the camp in Cambridge ; and are disposed to leave the matter to be conducted by you as in your opinion will best promote and secure the safety and interest of the whole.

By order of Congress

Jas Warren, President.

For

The Hon^{bl} General Ward

att

Cambridge.”

They seem not to have been greatly discouraged at the loss of their ground, nor do they exult that the enemy lost one thousand men in killed and wounded. That they considered themselves victorious is evident from the fact that General Green said “I would sell them another hill at the same price.” When General Washington knew the circumstances he said “There

can now be no doubt that the liberties of the people are secure." One hundred years later, two hundred thousand strangers visited Boston to join with the citizens in celebrating the event with "the most magnificent pageant that has ever been seen on this continent."

After the burning of Charlestown, by which two thousand persons were rendered homeless, the destitute were sent out into the country to be provided for, and homes were found in Shrewsbury for ten. Later, when prisoners of war were distributed about for safe keeping, two were this town's portion, viz. Perez Merrin and Michael Maloney, who were not to go outside the limits of the town without a pass from the Selectmen. On the day of the Battle of Bunker Hill General Ward was appointed to the office of first Major General of the army, with Horatio Gates as adjutant. He was the first American to receive the title of General under American authority, but his command not extending beyond the limits of Massachusetts, the office was not required after the troops were adopted by Congress as a national army. Immediately on his election as commander-in-chief General Washington went to Mount Vernon to bid farewell to his family and started with his guard for Cambridge, where he arrived July 2d, 1775, and where he formally took command of the army under the famous elm. A guard had been sent from Boston to Springfield to escort him through Worcester and Marlboro, and ordered to stop at any inns on the way when refresh-

ment was needed. Immediately on his arrival he began to organize the army, taking for himself the central position at Cambridge, posting General Ward on his right at Roxbury and General Lee on his left at Winter Hill.

The siege of Boston was carried on as it had already begun in good earnest, and the British were imprisoned in the city during the long, hot days of the summer, and so on into the winter, when they made the time of their duress gay with all the festivities they could command.

When the winter began to wane, their thoughts came back to the cause of their imprisonment, and they found suddenly that the Yankees had been at work while they were playing. In the winter General Ward had proposed the fortifying of Dorchester Heights, feeling that, if this position were secured, the enemy might easily be dislodged from Boston. General Washington did not at first favor this plan, considering it too hazardous, but the majority of the officers approving, and hearing that the enemy contemplated taking possession of it, he concluded that it was better to "prevent than remedy an evil," as the following letter shows :—

"Cambridge, 27th Feb., 1776.

Sir :

We were falsely alarmed a while ago with an acct of the Regulars coming over from the Castle to Dorchester. Mr. Bayler Whom I immediately sent of is just returned with a contradiction of it. But as a rascally Rifle man

went it last night & will no doubt give all the intelligence he can, wd it not be prudent to keep Six or Eight trusty men by way of Lookouts or Patrols to-night on the point next the castle as well as on Nuke Hill. At the same time ordering particular Regim^{ts} to be ready to march at a moment's warning to the Heights of Dorchester. For should the enemy get Possession of those Hills before us, they would render it a difficult task to dispossess them. Better it is therefore to prevent than remedy an evil.

I am y^r most Obed

GO. Washington

To Maj^r Gen^l Ward

Roxbury."

The barrels referred to in the following letter, to be used as a defense, were to be filled with sand, placed at the top of the hill and let loose when the enemy began to ascend, and, rolling down into the ranks, would soon make a scattering among them. The sequence shows however that the British were too cautious to run any great risk and the barrels, though ready, were not needed.

"To Major General Ward

Commanding at Roxbury

Cambridge, 3^d March, 1776.

Sir.

My letter of last Night would inform you that the Gen^l officers at this place thought it dangerous to delay

taking the Post on Dorchester Hills, least they should be possessed before us by the Enemy, and therefore Involve us in difficulties which we should not know how to extricate ourselves from—this opinion they were inclined to adopt from a belief, indeed almost a certain knowledge, of the Enemy's being appris'd of our designs that way.

You should make choice of some good Regiments to go on the morning after the Post is taken, under the command of General Thomas, the number of men you shall judge necessary for this Relief may be ordered. I should think from two to three thousand, as circumstances may require would be enough. I shall send you from hence two Regiments to be at Roxbury early on Tuesday morning to strengthen the lines, and I shall send you tomorrow Evening two Companies of Riflemen, which with the three now there may be placed under the care of Captⁿ Hugh Stevenson, subject to the Command of the officers Commanding at the Post (Dorchester)—they will I think be able to gāld the Enemy sorely in their March from their Boats & inland. A Blind along the Causey should be thrown up, if possible, while the other work is about, especially on the Dorchester side, as that is nearest the Enemy's Guns & most exposed. We calculated I think that 800 men would do the whole Causey with great ease in a night, if the Marsh has not got bad to work again, & the tide gives no great Interruption—250 Axe Men I should think

would soon fell the Trees for the Abettes, but what number it may take to get them, the Fascienes, Chandeliers &c in place I know not—750 men (the working party carrying their arms) will I should think be sufficient for a Covering Party, these to be Posted on Nuke Hill,—or the little hill in front of the 2d hill looking into Boston Bay—and near the point opposite the Castle. Sentries to be kept between the Parties & some on the back side looking toward Squantum. As I have a very high opinion of the defense which may be made with Barrels from either of the Hills, I could wish you to have a number over. Perhaps single Barrels would be better than linking of them together being less liable to accidents—the Hoops should be well nailed or else they will soon fly and the Casks fall to pieces. You must take care that the necessary notice is given to the Militia agreeable to the plan settled with General Thomas. I shall desire Colⁿ Gridley & Col. Knox to be over tomorrow to lay out the work. I recollect nothing more at present to mention to you—you will settle matters with the officers with you, as what I have said is intended rather to convey my ideas generally, than wishing them to be adhered to strictly.

I am with esteem &c Sir

Y^r most Obed Servt

Go Washington.”

On the receipt of this letter General Ward issued an order which gave great satisfaction to the Shrewsbury

men, who were weary of the monotony of camp life and rejoiced in the prospect of actual warfare.

They did not disappoint their commander, but by assiduous labor through the chilly March night the work was accomplished which decided the fate of Boston. A part of the fortification still remains, but only enough to give a suggestion of what was done that night. The labor and exposure resulted seriously for many of the men, and Nathan Howe never recovered his health. The works were a surprise to the British next morning, who saw at once that their last hope had fled and that those Yankees would never be caught napping. With one consent they boarded their ships and left Boston to the undisputed possession of the Americans, and as the King's troops left on one side by the sea, Gen. Washington and his army marched in with flying colors on the other. On the 17th of March the fleet sailed away and on the 29th Gen. Washington, who was preparing to go with most of his army to New York, wrote to Gen. Ward asking him to remove into Boston (if he were not afraid of the small-pox) and to take command of the five regiments to be left there for the defense of the city, direct the erection of works and attend to matters in general there. General Ward was not afraid of the small-pox, when such a fear would interfere with his duty, and took the command as requested. With the British Army, fifteen hundred royalists had gone, and the city thus left in haste by

so large a number of people, was a scene of confusion, disorder, disease and poverty. General Ward with his few troops was expected to restore order and cleanse, fortify and defend the city. He had wished to resign his position on account of ill health, but Congress sent a request that he would continue there. In a letter to John Hancock in September he says, "I have continued in Boston many months in a very disagreeable situation, and am of opinion in a dishonorable one. I was left with the command of but five Regiments (or rather with parts of five) and fettered with an Instruction with which I would not have fettered a Col. of a Regt. I had everything to do, and nothing to do with. Some said if they were in my place they would run away. I did not think best to conduct in that manner, but continued in some respects greatly to my disadvantage that I might be able to comply with the above request of Congress." That summer John Hancock sent him a letter which speaks for itself.

" Philadelphia, July 6th, 1776.

Sir.

The enclosed Declaration of Independence, I am directed to transmit to you with a request that you will have it proclaimed at the head of the Troops under your Command, in the Way you shall think most proper. I have only time to add, that the importance of it, will naturally suggest the Propriety of proclaiming

it, in such a manner, as that the whole army may be fully apprised of it.

I have the honor to be Sir

Your most obed. & very hble Ser.

John Hancock, Presd^t."

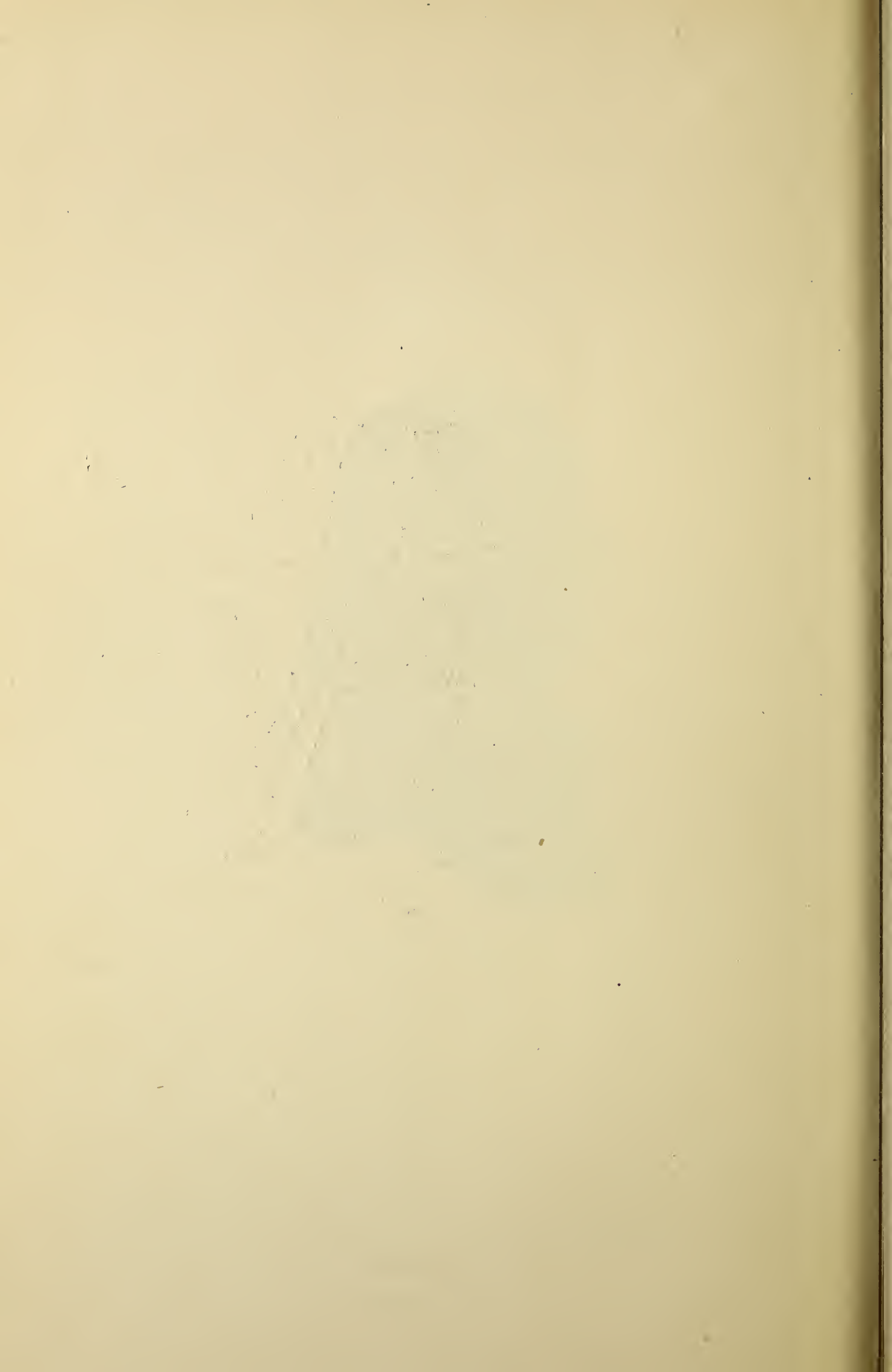
At the close of the year 1776 General Ward's resignation was accepted by Congress. The next year he was elected President of the Executive Council of the Colony, and in 1779 appointed a member of the Continental Congress.

On the 16th of May, 1780, he set out for Philadelphia to take his place in Congress accompanied by Daniel Newton, of Shrewsbury, who went with him as servant, each on horseback, the horses being purchased for the trip. The expense of the journey being \$204 1.50 in old currency.

The next year Mr. Samuel Adams being in Philadelphia, and wishing an escort to return to Massachusetts, Daniel Newton was sent with him and returned immediately to accompany General Ward home after resting the horses a few days. During the next few years his attention was directed to making improvements on his farm and to enlarging his house. It was in 1785 (as has been already stated), that he built the west end for his own occupation, leaving the old part for his son Thomas Walter, who had married Elizabeth Denny of Leicester, and who was afterward High Sheriff of Worcester County, an office of much



SHERIFF WARD.



importance in those days. There are some still living who remember Sheriff Ward with his cocked hat, knee breeches and black silk stockings, riding about the country in his yellow-bodied sulky, drawn by a large white horse.

He continued in his office nineteen years and derived much satisfaction from the fact that in all that time he was not obliged to take the life of a human being in executing the duties of his office. He was at one time making a journey into Connecticut in company with the Rev. Dr. Sumner, each in his own conveyance, Dr. Sumner taking the lead. Before coming to the boundary line between the two states Dr. Sumner, who was fond of a pleasant joke, called back to Sheriff Ward telling him to go ahead as he did not choose to have it said that he had been followed by the Sheriff into Connecticut! So the yellow-bodied sulkey took the lead and the minister came after.

About this time Gen. Ward was appointed judge of the courts and it was in his judicial life that the strongest points in his character were revealed. A stern sense of justice and duty ruled his life and, his actions being governed by Christian principle, nothing could shake him in his purpose to do what he felt to be right. One act of his shows the depth and firmness of his character—this was the brave and decided stand which he took in the Shays rebellion. A history of this insurrectionary movement would be of too great length to be included

in a sketch like this. But briefly it was that the people had been made poor by the enormous expense attending the war, everybody was in debt, and few had any money ; the idea of the leaders of this rebellion was, that could the people take the law into their own hands, stop the sitting of the courts and thus prevent executions being taken out against debtors, that all would be satisfactory. The courts could do nothing but to execute the demands of the law, knowing that matters would come right in time, if order and quiet could be preserved.

Capt. Daniel Shays, an impetuous, adventurous man and revolutionary soldier, led the rebellion, which was confined mostly to Worcester County, and many Shrewsbury men took up arms under him. Captain Aaron Smith who lived on the opposite side of the county road from Judge Ward, in the Baldwin Tavern, as we have seen in the chapter on that place, rallied his men, and Captain Adam Wheeler, formerly a Shrewsbury man, led a company. Both these men had fought in the Revolutionary war under Gen. Ward, and were rugged old soldiers ; now they were in arms against their old neighbor and commander. The Worcester militia could not be depended upon for help, being too much in sympathy with the rebellion ; the general court was tardy in sending troops and so the County Court had no help in the first encounter, having been ordered by the general court to sit on the first Tuesday in September ; the order

must be obeyed at all hazards and the court prepared for its session. A graphic and concise description of this event is given by Mr. Harlow in his History of Shrewsbury, of which the following is an extract: "The first demonstration of the insurgents at Worcester in September was successful in preventing the sitting of the courts. It was upon this occasion that General Artemas Ward, of Shrewsbury, then chief justice of both the Courts of Sessions and Common Pleas, performed the act which will go to posterity as the crowning act of his life. Wheeler's company had marched into Worcester on Monday afternoon, September 4, 1786, the day before the courts were to sit, took up quarters in the court-house Monday night, so as to be sure and be in possession when the judges should arrive next morning. Smith's company marched in from Shrewsbury early Tuesday morning and was deployed and posted as sentries on Court Hill and around the court-house. An immense crowd of people had assembled thereabouts. Approaching the court-house the judges were challenged by an armed sentry at the foot of Court Hill. At the order of his old commander, now chief justice, the sentry recovered his musket, presented arms, and the judges proceeded past him to the court-house. There, upon the broad step at the south entrance, stood Capt. Wheeler and Capt. Smith with drawn swords in their hands and five soldiers with fixed bayonets. * * Proceeding to mount the court-house steps, the further progress of the

judges was, by order of Capt. Wheeler, arrested by the soldiers, who brought their bayonets to bear directly on the chief justice's breast, so that their points even penetrated his clothes. After a parley the officers consented to allow him to mount the steps and address the people. Though Artemas Ward of Shrewsbury had been much in public life, he was a man usually of slow and hesitating speech, had rarely taken part in debates and had never been accounted an orator. As soon as he had looked his audience in the face there seems to have come over him a sort of inspiration, and with great fluency, fervor and eloquence he forthwith proceeded to reason with the people, whose grievances he did not deny, upon their mistaken method of relief. The newspaper man was not there to report, nor had the speaker in his pocket an extemporaneous manuscript to privately send to the press, and only by tradition has any word of what he said survived the more than hundred years since the event, but more than anything he did say, or could say—more than anything the greatest of orators could have said—was the dauntless courage and dignity of his conduct as a magistrate, of which to find a historical parallel you will have to make a far research." In Lincoln's History of Worcester we find that he said "he did not value their bayonets; they might plunge them into his heart; but while that heart beat he would do his duty; when opposed to it his life was of little consequence; if they would take away their bayonets

and give him some position where he could be heard by his fellow citizens and not by the leaders alone, who had deceived and deluded them, he would speak, but not otherwise." Struck with admiration by his intrepidity, and shrinking from the sacrifice of life, the guns were removed, and Judge Ward ascending the steps addressed the assembly.

There has arisen a story in late years, that along with these brave words he said some very bad ones, and replied to the challenge of the bayonets with a profane curse. Doubtless this charge is not provable; we almost feel that the contrary might be proved. The law had been, and something very like it remains on the statute books to this day, "that if any person was convicted of profane swearing or cursing, he should pay a sum not exceeding eight, nor less than four shillings, and if not paid immediately, the offender shall be committed to the House of Correction there to remain not exceeding ten days nor less than five. And that if any person or persons shall profanely swear in the hearing of any sheriff or constable, they each of them are authorized and required to apprehend and secure such offender and give information thereof to some Justice of the Peace of the same county in order that the offender may be convicted and punished for the same." And it was further enacted "that no person or persons shall be prosecuted or troubled for any offence against this law, unless the same be proved or prosecuted within twenty days next

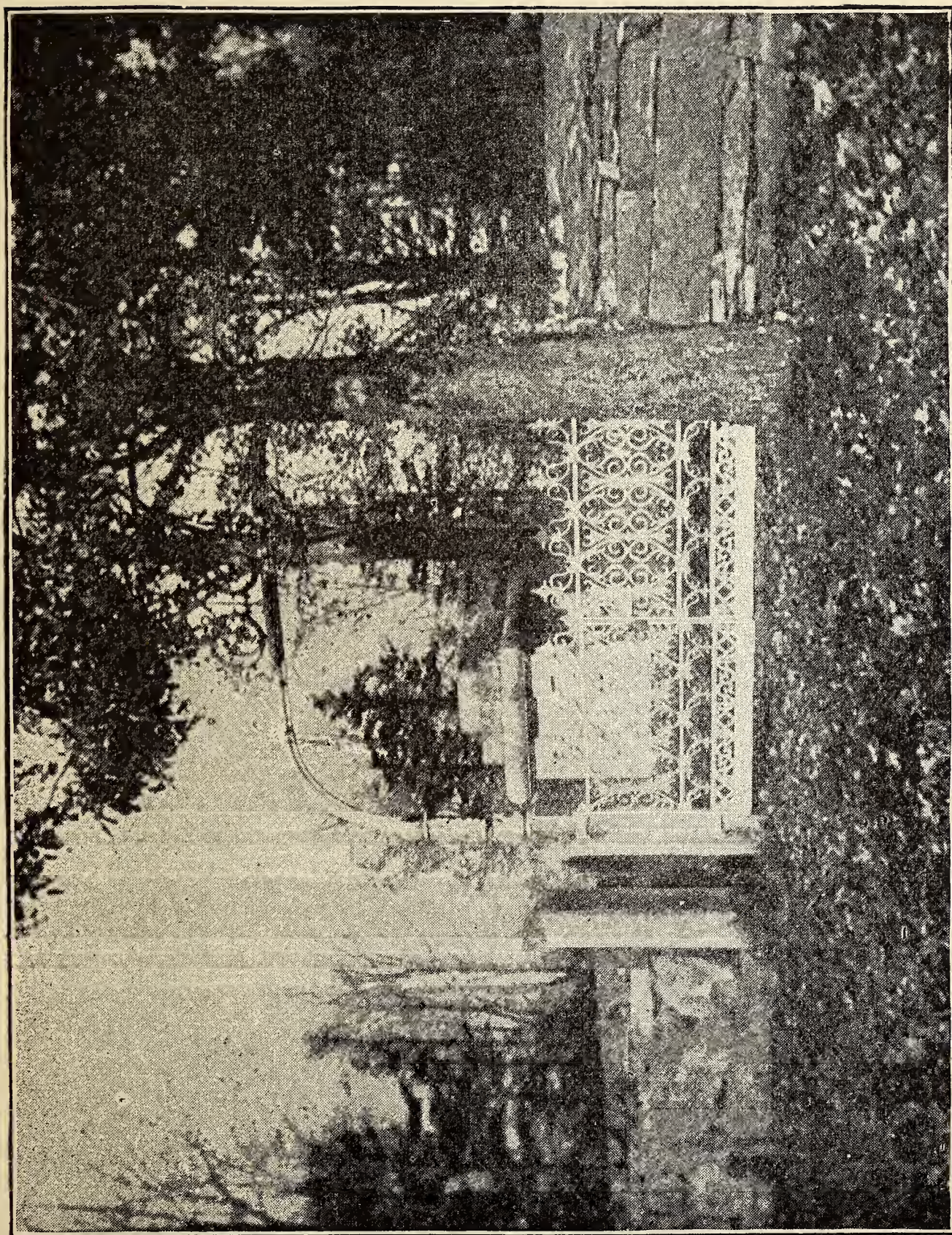
after the offence is committed." We do not hear that any such charge was made at this time nor within twenty days, not even within twenty years. If no charge was made in those days when profane swearing was treated as a crime, it seems a little singular to bring it now. Surely if Artemas Ward ever used profane language, the supreme moment in all his life in which he was the least likely to use it, was the time when he stood upon the Court-House steps representing the dignity of obedience to the law, in the face of the instruments of death !

McMasters knew little of the character of the man of whom he wrote "Forgetting himself he began to curse and to swear," And "becoming more angry he stamped his foot upon the ground, &c."

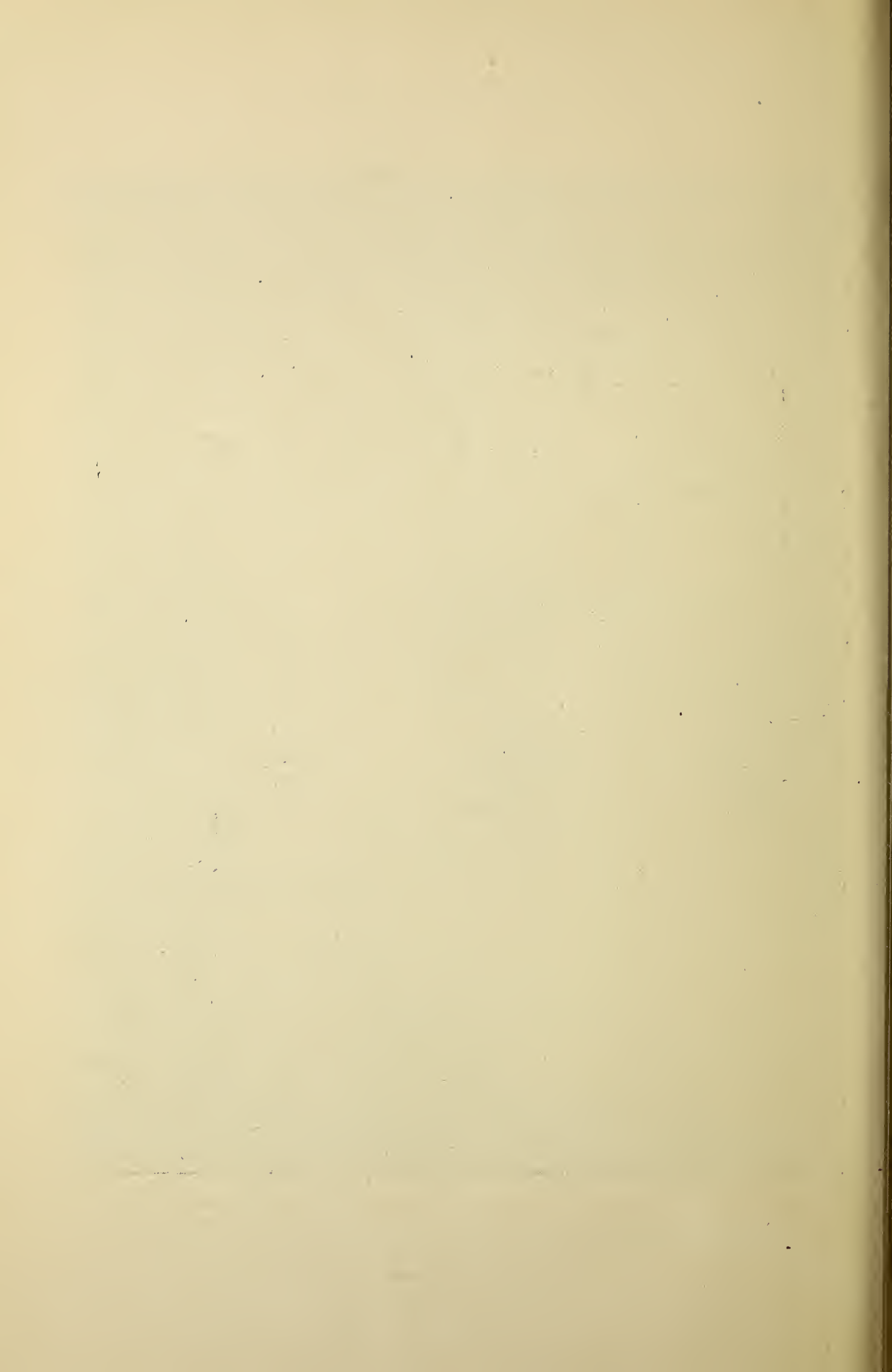
Gen. Ward never lost his self-control; one of his striking characteristics was that he was always cool and collected; the greater the emergency the greater his self-command. If his indignation was aroused, he was always above it, and the real grandeur of his character never showed more clearly than when his whole nature was stirred.

The Shays men were in earnest; their numbers were large and they were determined to accomplish their designs. They agreed that if the Government should arrest any of them, they would be revenged on Judge Ward and Judge Gill.

The Court being adjourned to a certain day in Janu-



THE WARD MONUMENT



ary, those under arms marched to Shrewsbury and had their rendezvous in the large yard in front of the Baldwin Tavern directly opposite Judge Ward's house, there to await the day of the opening of the Court. Winter set in; the men were discouraged by their hardships caused by the storms and cold of winter; the militia at last came out and pursued them in all directions, following them even into other states, taking some prisoners and ending the rebellion. Shays left his followers, fled, and hid himself in obscurity. There may have been some who gloried in the part they took in this inglorious rebellion, but their cause for rejoicing is hard to find. It is quite certain that there were some who were heartily ashamed of their connection with it, as their handwriting shows in the letters they sent to Judge Ward, humbly asking his pardon for what they had said and done against him. An extract from one lengthy petition shows the writer's state of mind in regard to his errors: "Being convinced of the error and evil consequence of Rising in rebellion & opposition to the good laws and authority of this Commonwealth, and having been in some degree active in the affair myself as your Hon^r is acquainted with, do feel truly and heartily sorry for my mis-conduct. Therefore permit me kind Sir to beg humbly your pardon and forgiveness in this as well as in all other matters. Worthy Sir, I confess the former favours, I have rec^d at the hands of your Hon^r, and am sorry for the unthankful

returns I have been left to make for so rich and valuable favors." Another, a townsman, wrote that he regretted having said and done things in an excited state of mind, which in his cooler moments he had thought unworthy of a gentleman and that he hoped in the future to be considered a friend and a good neighbor. And another neighbor wrote a communication to be read before the church expressing his sorrow for his "unbecoming behaviour toward the Commonwealth of Massachusetts and the friends of the government thereof," and that he had "been too easily led astray by ignorant and designing men, for all of which mis-conduct I am now truly and sincerely sorry, and ask forgiveness of all whom I have offended."

After another term in Congress Gen. Ward came home and spent his last years with his children. His grandchildren lived to tell their grandchildren about the handsome old man, with his erect and portly figure set off with his ruffles and shoe-buckles and all the touches of the old time costume—how he would rise from his straight-backed chair and take from a shelf of a tall cupboard in his room, crackers or raisins or some other dainty (as they were then) and give them as a reward for some little service they had done. His death occurred at the Homestead, October 27, 1800, and he was buried in the family lot in the old cemetery. His warm friend, Rev. Dr.

Sumner, wrote the inscription which was placed upon his tombstone. This was, with the other ancient stones, taken away about 1840 and the present monument erected.

THE END.



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